

RELIEF FOR AILING

SIMPLE HOME REMEDIES THAT ALL SHOULD KNOW.

Bandage of Flannel Good in Slight Cases of Rheumatism—Temporary Help in Sudden Attacks of Toothache.

When food will not stay on the stomach put one teaspoonful of lime water in a glass of milk and sip it slowly.

When a cut will not heal saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with coal oil and bind on.

If there is trouble of any kind with the eyes, a wash of either cold tea or new milk is good.

In slight cases of rheumatism, if the parts afflicted are wrapped in a piece of all-wool flannel it will generally give relief.

For pains to the stomach, a flannel cloth dipped in hot water, into which a teaspoonful of turpentine has been added, placed over the stomach will give almost instant relief.

A cup of hot water will relieve a sick stomach, and for those who cannot take it plain, try a little lemon juice, a lump of sugar or a pinch of salt.

For sprains or bruises either hot or cold applications are good, but stick to one or the other, and after bandaging keep the bandages well saturated.

Apples and elder taken in large quantities will be found more pleasing and quite as effective as a dose of castor oil. Prunes can also be taken in large quantities, and will have the same effect.

Hold a bruised finger in a cup of hot water for a few minutes and it will prevent further trouble. The water should be as hot as it is possible to stand it. Gatherings and run-arounds can be successfully treated in the same manner.

Certain kinds of toothache can be relieved by painting the gums with a solution of one-half iodine and one-half glycerin. If there is a cavity in the tooth, saturate a small piece of absorbent cotton in oil of cloves, tincture of myrrh or laudanum and place in the cavity.

For a nervous headache, a flannel cloth dipped in hot water and placed first on the temples and then on the back of the head at the base of the brain is sure to give relief.

MUST BE SERVED HOT.

Important Point to Remember About the Meal.

However simple a meal may be, there should be no half-way work about food that is to be served hot. Fish, like soup, cannot be served too hot, and roast meat should sizzle as the knife makes the first incision. Nothing is appetizing when lukewarm. Among meats lamb suffers most by being carelessly served. It is simply spoiled unless served crackling hot. If the kitchen range has no plate-warmer, put a thick paper on the back of the range, or on the bottom of the oven. If that is not in use, and set the dishes to be used on the paper, which will prevent their being cracked by the heat. Vegetable dishes and sauce tureens can be filled with hot water while the vegetables are being prepared. Above all things serve gravies as hot as possible, taking them from the fire the very last thing.

Apple Fritters.

For apple fritters pare and core four tart apples and cut in one-fourth inch slices across the apple. Sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and powdered sugar. Prepare a batter by stirring one cupful of flour and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add two well-beaten yolks to one-half cupful of milk, mix and beat into the flour until it is a smooth batter. Add one tablespoonful of melted butter or olive oil, and cut in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Drain the apples carefully, dip in the batter, and fry in deep fat. When cooked, drain on crushed brown paper to absorb the grease, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

Dolly Madison's Cake.

One pound flour, one pound sugar, one pound butter, one pound raisins stoned and chopped, six eggs, a wine glass brandy, one nutmeg, a tablespoonful mace, one dessert spoonful soda dissolved in a wine glass of hot water. Beat the butter to a cream, rub the yolks of the eggs and cream, sugar together, add the butter, whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add alternately with the flour, then the brandy and the nutmeg, and lastly the soda. Stir the whole mixture lightly and quickly and bake in a deep pan with the same heat required for pound cake.

Salted Almonds.

Prepare the almonds by blanching and peeling them. Leave them awhile until quite dry. Heat a small quantity of sweet olive oil in the chafing dish, or butter will answer the purpose if preferred. Fry the almonds in this until a fine brown color, drain them, and sprinkle freely over with fine salt. Stir for a few minutes longer and serve cold.—Exchange.

Nut Cream Fudge.

Three cups granulated sugar, one-half pint cream or milk. Boil 12 minutes, stirring constantly, add a cup of chopped walnuts (when removed from the fire) and stir very hard until creamy. Pour into buttered pan and cut in squares while slightly warm; delicious.

MATERIALS FOR THE OMELET.

This Favorite Breakfast Dish in Many Varieties.

Select six eggs, leaving out the whites of two. Beat them light and after straining them through a sieve pepper and salt to taste, and then dividing two ounces of fresh butter into small dice add them to the eggs. Meanwhile prepare a quarter of a pound of butter in a frying pan, place it over the fire and when the butter boils put into it the beaten eggs.

Let it fry gently until the under side turns a light brown. Do not turn it while cooking. When done lift it on with a flat cake lifter, double it on a dish the frothy side within, and spread a little parsley over the nicely browned top. An omelet like this may be flavored by adding to the beaten egg before cooking, some parsley minced fine or some chopped celery or onions, allowing of the other two ordinary sized onions to an omelet of six eggs.

Veal kidney or sweetbread finely minced, shredded cold ham, or oysters minced (with the hard centers omitted) are all good in omelet.

FOR THOSE FOND OF HONEY.

Recipes for Three Dishes That Will Be Found Delicious.

Honey Snaps—One pint of honey, three-fourths pound butter, two tablespoonfuls ginger; boil together a few minutes, and when nearly cold put in flour until it is stiff. Roll out thin and bake quickly.

Honey Cake—One cup honey, one-half cup sour cream, two eggs, one-half cup butter, two cups flour, scant one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Honey Fruit Cake—Take one and one-half cupfuls of honey, two-thirds cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three eggs well beaten, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cupfuls raisins, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon.

Salad Dressing.

Put in the dish you are to cook in, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, same of white sugar, two level tablespoonfuls dry mustard, about half teaspoon salt. Smooth these to a paste, add one unbroken egg. Beat all up well, then another egg, beat more; then another, three in all. Beat until all is smooth, then add small cup of vinegar, beat again, and, lastly, one full cup of rich milk. Of course if you have cream it is nicer. Put in double boiler and cook until it thickens like soft custard, usually about 15 minutes. Stir it every few minutes. Now when it is cooking, you can add more sugar if you like it sweeter, or more salt, and another time more or less mustard, according to your taste. It makes a delicate pale yellow dressing, which both appeals to the taste and the eye.

Embroidering Table Linen.

All household linen in homes of wealth, or where the housewife is expert with the needle, is marked with embroidered monograms or initials, preference being given to the English open-work embroidery or the French needle. At present tablecloths are marked with two monograms, one at either end, or diagonally at opposite corners. Where the napkins shall be marked is a matter of individual preference, dependent upon the way in which the napkin is to be folded. The most common way is to mark them diagonally in the center of the last square when the napkin is folded. For napkins the size of the letters is usually one or one and a quarter of an inch. For tablecloths they are from three to eight inches in diameter.

A Recipe for Triple.

Six macaroons, six lady fingers, one pint rich, soft custard, currant jelly, sherry wine (may be omitted), half pint of whipped cream.

Soak lady fingers in sherry wine; put a layer of macaroons in a dish; put a teaspoon of currant jelly on top of each cake, then a layer of lady fingers; repeat currant jelly on lady fingers. Pour custard over all. Cover with whipped cream, laid on in tablespoonfuls. Add a bit of jelly on the cream to finish the top prettily.

To Broil Legs of a Turkey.

Cut the legs from a cold roast turkey, make some incisions across them with a sharp knife, season with a little pepper, salt and a pinch of cayenne.

Squeeze over a small quantity of lemon juice and place them on a grid-iron (which has been well buttered), put it over a clear fire.

When done brown place them on a hot dish with a piece of butter on the top of each and serve hot.

Avoid Shrinkage.

In washing woolen articles dissolve a sufficient quantity of soap in warm water, adding a little ammonia to soften it. Wash and then rinse in clean, warm water, using no cold or very hot water; after which shake well and dry quickly. Do not rub on soap, and avoid all patent washing powders or liquids. If you follow the above instructions your woolen articles will never shrink when being washed.

How to Treat Plants.

Open the doors occasionally in the winter time and let the plants have some outdoor air.

Don't forget to turn your window plants around at least twice a week so that all sides will get the sunlight. The wing feather of a chicken makes a good brush with which to wash plants.

SAVED FROM THE KNIFE

Miss Coulburn, of East Market, Dorchester County, Maryland, had what was supposed to be a large tumor caused by kidney trouble. After a consultation of several physicians an operation was decided upon. Meantime she began to take and was cured by

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A TRIAL BOTTLE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY CURE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE TO EVERY READER OF THE HERALD WHO SUFFERS FROM KIDNEY, LIVER, BLADDER OR BLOOD DISEASE.



MISS COULBURN

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When the kidneys are diseased the uric acid is not carried off and this causes Gout, Rheumatism of the joints, Rheumatism of the Muscles, Rheumatism of the Heart, Lumbago, Rheumatism of the Liver, etc.

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WARNER'S SAFE CURE is now put up in two sizes and is sold by all druggists, or direct, at 50 CENTS AND \$1.00 A BOTTLE. Refuse substitutes containing harmful drugs which injure the system.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE To convince every sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood that WARNER'S SAFE CURE will cure them, a trial bottle will be sent absolutely free, post-paid, to any one who will write WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., Rochester, N. Y., and send to them a recent issue of the Herald. The genuineness of this offer is mentioned having been seen in the Herald. The genuineness of this offer is fully guaranteed. Our doctors will also send medical booklet containing descriptions of symptoms and treatment of each disease, and many convincing testimonials free to every one.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Galligan To Box Purcell.

Davenport, Ia., Feb. 26.—A boat between Joe Galligan of Chicago and Jack Purcell of Kansas City is the principle attraction arranged by the Davenport Athletic Club for the entertainment of its patrons tonight. The articles call for a ten-round fight at 132 pounds ringside.

Editors In Session

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 26.—Many educators whose fame is of national scope will gather in Chicago today, the occasion being the annual meeting of the department of superintendence of the National Educational association. During the three days it will be in session the department will discuss the scope, defects and products of the schools, the qualifications and training of teachers, essential studies, the financial value of education and numerous other topics relating to the broader side of educational work.

Meetings in conjunction with the department will be held by the national

Lawson Is Fifty

Boston, Mass., Feb. 26.—Thomas W. Lawson, high priest of finance and arch enemy of "the system," is fifty years old today. Mr. Lawson will have no special observance of the anniversary, being kept pretty busy lately explaining the future movements of Trinity and other of his favorite copper stocks. To a number of his friends who called to congratulate him last night, Mr. Lawson remarked that he was still a comparatively young man and had every expectation of living to see the day when the Standard Oil school of finance will have shut up shop.

Ohio Hardware Dealers

Columbus, O., Feb. 26.—The annual convention of the Ohio Hardware Dealers' Association, which opened in Columbus today is the largest in point of attendance ever held by the organization. More than 1,000 visitors will attend the opening and will come from every part of the state. In addition to the members of the association the attendance includes several hundred hardware manufacturers who have arranged an elaborate exhibition of their wares in Memorial hall, where the sessions of the convention also are being held. Three days will be spent in transacting the business of the association and discussing various questions of interest to the hardware trade. Many interesting features of entertainment have been arranged to intersperse the business sessions.

Theological Schools Combine

Tiffin, O., Feb. 26.—At a special meeting today of the Ohio Synod of the Reformed Church the arrangements will be perfected for the consolidation of the Heidelberg Theological Seminary in Tiffin and the Ursinus School of Theology, now situated in Philadelphia. The agreement provides for the organization of a combined theological seminary, centrally located in some large Ohio city, to be selected, and to be under the joint control of the Ohio Synod of the Reformed Church, and the Pennsylvania Synod. The faculty will consist of the seven professors now occupying chairs in the two seminaries.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. W. D. ROY'S signature is on each box. 25c.

"PRESIDENT'S OWN" COMING

The great United States marine band, the "President's own," will be heard in Portsmouth this season. This is one of the most famous bands in America and its coming will be a musical event of unusual importance in Portsmouth.

IN A CHILD'S LOVE

LONELY COUPLE FOUND HAPPINESS IN LIFE.

Advent of Little Nellie Filled Void of Which Physician and His Wife Were Scarcely Conscious.

Mrs. Dayton entered her husband's study and sank into a chair. "You look like Eleanor," said Dr. Dayton, glancing up from a scientific journal. "Have you been out in the sun?"

"Yes, I walked over to the fresh-air camp to see the children who were brought from the city this morning."

"I wish you wouldn't go there so often, Eleanor," he said, a trifle impatiently. "A visit to the fresh-air camp seems to exhaust you more than anything else."

"But, Harry, I love to see the children. One such darling little girl came this morning. She has yellow curls and big brown eyes, and her name is Nellie. I used to be called Nellie when I was her age. She's from the foundlings' home, and I couldn't help wishing, Harry, that we—"

"Now, dear, don't bring up that subject again. You know I doubt the wisdom of adopting children, and you are not strong enough to assume the care of a youngster." The doctor smiled tenderly at Mrs. Dayton. "Haven't you trouble enough looking after me without flying to fads you know not of?" As he ceased speaking the telephone bell rang.

"I'm wanted at the camp," he explained, hanging up the receiver and reaching for his medicine case. "A child lifted the top of a beehive and has been badly stung."

An hour later Mrs. Dayton rose from her porch hammock at the sound of her husband's voice. "Here's a little visitor, Eleanor!" he called.

She ran out to the motor car and took in her arms a limp little baby girl. "Why, it's Nellie!" she said.

"Is it Nellie? I wasn't thinking about anything but her stings, which were pretty severe. Talk about grateful patients, Eleanor! When I managed to relieve the little thing's sufferings she clung to me, and I simply couldn't get away from her. So I told the matron we'd keep her over night. You see her face and arms are badly swollen, and she may need more care than they'd have time to give her at the camp."

"I like the doctor man," lisped Nellie. "I want to stay with him."

Mrs. Dayton kissed the yellow curls and laid the child in the hammock, and the doctor disappeared into the house, murmuring something about preparing a soothing lotion.

One morning two weeks later the matron of the fresh-air camp telephoned Dr. Dayton that the children with whom Nellie had come were to be returned to the city that day. She requested him to bring Nellie to the camp in time for the afternoon train.

"To-day! Why, is the time up already? Why—well, you see, I think my wife wished to keep her—that is, I—hang it all—I beg your pardon, I mean that we both want her."

He turned from the telephone and saw Mrs. Dayton listening in the doorway. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks wore an unwonted glow of health. She was a winsome picture with Nellie hanging to her skirts and the chain of flowers in her hands that she was weaving for the baby's curls.

"Oh, Harry!" was all she said, but the look of love and gratitude in her eyes filled his own with happy tears. —Youth's Companion.

Tides Upon Land and Sea.

A correspondent of the Geodetic Survey has recently made observations with the seismograph at Manritus that have led to the suggestion that not only the ocean and the atmosphere but even the land may experience the effects of a daily tide running round and round the earth as it revolves on its axis.

But, while the tides in the air and the sea are due more to the moon than to the sun, the supposed "land tide" arises solely from the sun's action.

Moreover, it is caused not by the attraction of the sun but by its heat. A wave of depression is supposed to follow the sun from east to west, caused by the extraction of moisture from the soil.

At Mauritius it is found that there is a marked upheaval of the land to the west of the place of observation from morning until evening and a relative depression on the same side, or an upheaval to the east, during the same night.

Sure Remedy for All Ills.

Watermelon, law sakes alive! Is there anything on the top side of this old earth that can be compared for one single moment with the juicy juiciness, the cozy coziness and the sleepy sleepiness of this precious fruit? How we love to open up a nice red watermelon with a heart as big as a Kentucky pumpkin and as full of sweet sap as the Platte river is full of water.

Never mind the seeds, never mind anything. Just go ahead and be happy. You can't eat watermelon and enjoy it without rolling your shirt front. Never mind your handkerchiefs. Let the juice fall in large copious drops from your chin and elbows. Why should you interfere with the law of gravity. Keep on eating, and when you have finished, eat some more. You love it. It can't hurt you, so go after it. Is there anything like it?



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All kinds of meats, chicken and soups served in American or Chinese style. Tea and Chinese preserves. Orders put up to take out.

CHARLIE SING,

13 1-2 Daniel St.

THE DOC CURED HIM.

WYFOLD'S AUNT.

BY R. E. VERNEDE.

"He looks mighty slick an' fine," said old man Sowerby, "an' there ain't no denyin' that he's got a good doctorin' outfit, but he's got to learn a heap an' learn a heap afore he's qualified to doctor a sick cat o' mine. Not if I thought anythin' o' the cat," he added.

"They say he brought Hi Patterson's young ones through the measles, all right," observed Sol Baker.

"They have come through it all right without any of his help," said the Nestor of Hoop-Pole Flat. "You couldn't kill any one o' them young ones—they're too blame ornary. It's an ornary outfit. If it wasn't they'd have paid up o' Doc Murchison what they owed him, 'stead o' callin' in this fine-haired rooster with his little sugar pills. He'd have done for Wayne Satterlee, all right, but when there's any sickness around I'll want o' Doc Murchison."

"What was Wayne Satterlee's trouble?" asked Washington Hancock. "I never heard of him being sick."

"He had a touch o' your complaint, Wash," replied the old man. "It never got chronic with him like it has with you. The symptoms is a violent dislike to workin'." Doc Murchison cured Wayne.

"I'm jest restin'," said Hancock, calmly. "Tell us about Wayne's sickness, uncle."

"Nothin' much to tell," said old man Sowerby. "Wayne was sorter born tired but he ginally had some one behind him with a sharp stick. First of all it was his old man, an' then later on it was his wife. She didn't bound him; she wasn't that kind of a woman. She used to tell him not to work so hard an' brag to the neighbors what a powerful hard worker he was. She believed it, too, an' somehow that kep' Wayne goin'."

"Finally Wayne caught pneumonia, an' he was a mighty sick man. Doc Murchison was called in, an' I tell you it took o' doc all he knew to pull him through. Mis' Satterlee never left his bedside or got a night's rest for night on to a month. Then he got better, an' got so they could prop him up in bed an' give him chicken broth."

"He took well to the chicken broth, an' the lym' in bed didn't seem to disagree with him. Once in awhile his wife would ask him if he didn't feel as if he would like to get up an' walk around a little, but he used to say that he felt sorter 'pindlin' an' weak yet. Then the o' woman got to feedin' him up with chicken biled an' fried, an' eggs, an' milk puddin' an' currant jam, until he got as roilin' fat as a hog in main time. But he was still weak. Finerly o' doc came in an' tol' him that there wasn't no reason why he couldn't git up an' move around the house for a spell, an' he did git up an' mosey into the kitchen an' set there with his feet in the oven smokin' his pipe. Then they brung out a rocker an' set it in the shade of the ellum in the yard, an' Wayne set there an' smoked an' slept most of the time. The farm sorter began to run down, an' Mis' Satterlee had to git out an' look after the hired men."

"Doc had quit comin' for some time, but one day he was drivin' past the house an' seen Wayne settin' out there in the rocker under the ellum.

"'Hello,' he says, 'I thought you was up an' around a month ago. What's the trouble here?'"

"'Well,' says Wayne, 'I dunno exactly. I feel powerful weak all the time, doc.'"

"'Let's see,' says doc, an' he punches him around an' looked at his tongue an' felt of his pulse an' ast him a heap of questions. Finerly he says: 'What be you eatin', Wayne?'"

"'Chicken, mostly,' says Wayne. 'Chicken an' little fixin's an' such. It don't seem like I hadn't no appetite for nothin' else.'"

"'That's it,' says the doc. 'It's the diet. You're gittin' fatty degeneration o' the system, Wayne, an' you won't last a year at this rate. I wonder the feathers ain't sproutin' on your jaigs by this time. I'm goin' to fix you. You've got to go to on rye bread an' water for a week an' take exercise, jest the way I tell you.'"

"'What kind of exercise?' says Wayne.

"'You'll split a cord o' wood every mornin' an' ha'f a cord every evenin', an' take some other exercise in between,' says doc, firmly. 'I'm goin' to send Tom over to see that you take the prescription.'"

"Well, he went into the house an' had a long talk with Mis' Satterlee, an' then came out again an' drove home. He was back in an hour with Tom Backus, his hired man, a big, six-foot, two-fisted, husky feller, an' they walked Wayne out to the woodpile an' give him the ax an' tol' him to start in. He begged like a good one, but doc wouldn't let up on him."

"Well, sir, they actually kep' Wayne at that wood splittin' for a hull week, an' that wasn't the worst. Tom made him trot behind him holdin' on to the back of the buckboard every afternoon for three miles an' back. First time he wouldn't go Tom tied him up an' he had to. He tried to git Mis' Satterlee to take his part, but doc had fixed her. She used to stand in the door with the tears streamin' down her face, while he sweat and swore, an' tell him to bear it, for it was for his own good, an' she made the finest rye bread for him that you ever tasted, but she wouldn't give in."

"Finerly Wayne seen he had to take his medicine—an' he took it. In that week he run off all his fat an' toughened up an' got an appetite like a wolf.

"When the week was up doc says to him: 'Well, Wayne, do you reckon you could relish plain vittles now?'"

"'Jest give me a chance at 'em,' says Wayne."

"'An' make out to work?'"

"'Doggone it, I'm makin' out, ain't I?' he says. 'Doc, I'm cured.'—Chicago Daily News."

"You know, Wyfold, don't you?" said the Man Opposite. "Yes, he was married recently, but I still go and smoke with him in the evenings sometimes. It has always seemed to me a pity that a young man should be deprived of his best friends for committing a single rash act. Besides, she is a nice little thing and eager to learn. Naturally, I had to make one or two stipulations to begin with—about matches, for instance. She had an idea that one box of wax vestas, hidden somewhere in the dining room cupboard, would keep two men's pipes alight for a week, and Wyfold had been idiot enough not to undeceive her. Married men are curious in that kind of way. When I told her that her husband never used to smoke less than three boxes after dinner, and that I liked a couple myself, she thanked me sincerely, and said she was always trying to find out what pleased her husband and his friends best, and would always be grateful for hints. I said I should be quite rewarded if she took one in three from me."

"One in six from you, Mr. Royson," she said laughing. "Because you are a regular old bachelor, you see."

"I forgive the levity of this remark and considered Wyfold had done rather well for himself. That is why I am rather surprised when I looked in a few days ago to find them sitting together in their flat in the depths of gloom."

"What is the matter?" I inquired, as I lighted my pipe from one of the six boxes of matches put ready for me.

"'Nothing,' said Wyfold, with a groan.

"'Scarcely anything,' said Mrs. Wyfold with another.

"I am glad to hear it, I said, and smoked in silence. Nothing is more calculated to make a woman talk—as is well known to the other sex."

"The fact is," said Mrs. Wyfold, hesitatingly, "my Aunt Amelia—you've heard of her, haven't you? Miss Richardson is her name."

"I had heard of her from Wyfold. He had told me that she dislilled her chiefly because she had refused to countenance her niece's wedding with a man who not only—as she was informed—earned but a precarious livelihood by writing for the daily papers, but also had not a single quality to atone for this other shortcoming—as she could judge for herself. This man, of course, was Wyfold, and though he was feeling but a worm, as men do in the first stage of being engaged, he did not, he confessed, like having this said to his face."

"I assured Mrs. Wyfold that I had heard of Aunt Amelia."

"She's coming here," she said, dismally.

"To call?" I asked, not without sympathy.

"To stay!" said Wyfold, and covered his face with his hands.

"What on earth, I said, 'did you invite her for?' It seemed a reasonable question.

"We—we didn't," said Mrs. Wyfold.

"She sent a telegram to say that she was coming," her husband added.

"I rose hastily and reached for my hat."

"When?" I asked. "I am sorry that I have to be—"

"Not until to-morrow," said Wyfold. "It's all right for you. The thing is what are we to do? Sit down, for heaven's sake, and think of something."

"I sat down and thought."

"You couldn't go away, I suppose?"

"Of course not. Or send her poison by post? Or bribe a chauffeur to drive into her cab as it draws up in front?"

"We mustn't hurt her feelings," said Mrs. Wyfold, fondly.

"Hush!" I said. I had thought of something. Wyfold's face brightened as I told the plan; and when I left, a few minutes later, he looked almost jubilant.

"'About 8:30 to-morrow night, then,' were his last words. 'I'll keep it going till then—and, bless your ashes.'"

"At 8:30 exactly next evening I was knocking at the door of Wyfold's flat, and as the maid opened it I saw that Wyfold had carried out his instructions in a masterly manner. He had just advanced from the dining room into the hall. His and Mrs. Wyfold's Aunt Amelia hung on his arm, and she was saying:

"'It is a meritorious thing' for a young man to give up smoking entirely. I look forward to a little music."

"'Scuse me,' I said, lurching forward into the passage to the no small terror of the maid. 'Scuse me, but I'm the editor of the Times, an' I want see Mr. Wyfold.'"

"My hat was over one eye, my appearance that of Sir Henry Irving in the last scene of the Lyons Mail—at least, so I have been told."

"'Help!' cried Aunt Amelia. I saw Mrs. Wyfold tremble with a glad surprise."

"'Who's th' ole lady?' I inquired of her."

"'You must go away,' said Wyfold, very firmly, holding his Aunt Amelia up."

"'Very well, sir,' I said; 'very well, sir. But I'm the editor of the Times, an' I'm coming to-morrow, an' nexday, an' day-after, 'tween you; an' if I see th' ole lady gain I'll, I'll kiss her.'"

"I lurchered forth on to the landing and returned to my house, conscious of a good act. Wyfold wrote to thank me next day. He said that Aunt Amelia had gone by the 9:30 train, leaving her luggage to be sent on.—Black and White.

Checkedmate.

In the case of the striking baggage men of Kansas City, it is strange, remarks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that the officials did not have the forethought to check it.

THEY HAD A PARTY.

LOVE ON WHEELS.

BY JOHN WICKLIFFE GRAY.

The two young men had asked the girls to a party. They had invited a handsome widow as a sop to the proprieties, and the guests were looking forward with lively interest to the occasion.

In extending the invitation the two young men had said that they felt it was up to them to do something for their country. They had been entertained times without number by the feminines in question, and all that they had been able to do in return was to take them to the theater a few times afterward, and what they wanted to do now was to give them a dainty feed in their own flat.

It was two weeks afterward, promptly at eight p. m. that the young men came for the girls. They made the rounds of the houses solemnly and picked up their guests much as if they were the carry-all for a smart kindergarten, and then they solemnly wended their way to the flat.

"Shall we have supper now or later on?" asked one of the hosts immediately.

"Later on," replied the widow, quickly. She had had her dinner not an hour ago, and when the terrapin and the partridges finally appeared on the scene she wanted to have some appetite for them.

Thereupon they, as many as could, sat on the chairs there were, while the others sat on blankets, which were gracefully festooned along the floor. "You see, we've never had a woman's party before, and we don't like a game with more than six in it—I refer to a game of flinch, of course—and that is the reason we have only six chairs," explained one of the men. "If you all don't mind, I will have a steamer trunk brought in, and you can sit on it. Very comfortable things, steamer trunks."

Then every one played hearts on a wonderful table that looked as innocent as a stage ingenue when it was turned right side up, but by a simple twist of the wrist, presto! its wrong and wicked side was revealed all fitted up with chips and cards and the other implements which go with the fascinating game of poker.

"They played hearts, but they thought, even as they played, of the dainty supper awaiting them. One of the girls whispered to the widow and asked her if she thought they would have champagne. She said if they had she would go right home, because her mother wouldn't like it at all if she drank anything so intoxicating in a man's flat. She said her mother had been of two minds about letting her come, anyhow, it did seem so improper, and except that she understood the chaperon of the party was so strict (here she smiled at the widow) she wouldn't have thought of allowing it."

The widow whispered back that she was afraid the extravagant boys would have champagne, and that they could only punish them by not drinking much of it.

That was at ten p. m., and at 10:10 the worst was known, for the taller and more distinguished-looking of the hosts asked the other if it wasn't time to produce the "party," and upon the other saying yes, he went out and came in with a suit case. Exactly what a suit case had to do with supper no one could understand, unless, as the widow whispered, it held bottles of champagne, which would be awfully warm in such close quarters.

The host who wasn't the taller of the two cleared the table by the simple process of sweeping the chips and cards into a basket. Then he turned the innocent side of the table over and opened the suit case. From it he took a dozen oranges, a lot of bananas, a box of cheese biscuits, a box of other biscuits, a large piece of switzer cheese wrapped in brown paper and some very oily butter.

"Where'd you put the bread?" he demanded of his fellow.

"In the linen closet among the pillow cases. Get the beer off the window sill, will you, old fellow?"

The widow had borne up until the word "beer" was uttered. Then she collapsed and fanned herself with her handkerchief until she was requested to make some sandwiches. To see the widow then, with the sleeves of her best violet creep de chine tucked up out of the way of the wicked cheese was quite a landscape. She cut and buttered with diligence, but in a stony silence that was more eloquent than language.

"This is what I call comfortable," said one of the hosts as he sat on the rug with a sandwich in one hand and a bottle of beer within convenient reach (there were no glasses enough to go around).

"So do we," echoed his feminine guests, faintly.

"It is Bohemia itself," said the other host.

At 11 the widow said she must go home. She had had a delightful time, she said, but her physician wished her to retire early every night, and so she must retire herself away. She listened while one of the hosts told her he was sorry that the cheese hadn't held out, but that he was glad there had been plenty of bananas, and she was only aroused from her abstraction when this amiable young man asked if she would not chaperon another one of their supper some day.

"Thank you," she said, sweetly, "but it is not exactly the sort of thing to do, in my opinion. I know plenty of people go to men's apartments, but I don't think it looks—er—dignified. If at any time you want me to chaperon an after-theater supper at one of the hotels, I shall be delighted, but not here, where you have to take so much trouble for us." And then she swept up her charges and went away stonily, and it is whispered that the menu has to be submitted to her now before she accepts invitations of any sort.—Baltimore News.

Would she come to-day?

John Haworth leaned back in his invalid's chair and scanned every vehicle that appeared from the uptown horizon. He was seated in the big bay window that looked out over the trees and meadows and winding roads and paths of the park. Now and then the light June breeze wafted across the street the prattle of half a dozen children at play on the greensward nearest where the invalid sat. To the philosophic and the speculative, it was an ideal spot to study human nature as we find it on the sidewalk—the lights and shadows of the past shining dimly through the features of those who hurry by.

But the speculation of John Haworth ran in another direction. And every morning for two weeks it had been the same. Before that time he had helped to pass the tedious hours by watching the faces just below him on the street from the time they came into good view four doors north or south until they were gone, to give place to others.

There was a look of eagerness on the invalid's face as he glanced at his watch for the fifth time within the half hour. It lacked but five minutes now of the time when the Bicycle Girl, as he chose to call her, would pass through the entrance of the park almost opposite.

"I think he might take a bit more exercise, walking in the park, for instance, in the next day or so," John turned to see his mother and Dr. McRae, the family physician, enter the room. "There will be no further necessity for my services, I think. How does that sound, John?" he added, cheerily.

"Almost as good as the sight of home after two years in the Philippines, Doc. I think—" he broke off suddenly and turned his eyes to the street.

Yes, there she was. The same natty, tailor-made riding skirt and jacket; the same fluffy, dark hair that refused to be kept under the jauntiest of little caps.

The girl glanced up and—was it a bow? Or had she merely turned her head to guide her wheel into the park driveway. Who was she? he wondered, as he had scores of times before in those two weeks he had been sitting by the window slowly regaining the health that a long fever had stolen.

"I think I'll get out my bicycle in a day or so," he continued, after the interruption.

"A good idea, but mind you, not too much at first. Take it easy, and the exercise will be of as much benefit as double the amount of indoor labor with dumb bells," answered the doctor.

"A case of pleasure and medicine, eh, Doc?" said the invalid, with a smile.

"Yes, pleasure is half the cure, with exercise or medicine," he answered.

It was three days later that John's bicycle, the trusted servant of those days, was brought forth from the attic and, with the help of the porter, put in condition.

Ah, but it was glorious to have even a little strength to pedal, thought John, as he took his first ride through the park. He was on the bicycle path that ran down among the alders, where it wound in and out like a snake, crossed a little bridge and then wormed its way around the hill. It needed only a companion to make the day and his enjoyment perfect. And naturally he reverted to the Bicycle Girl who crossed into the park every morning.

He had not seen her since that day when Dr. McRae was in the room, and now, three days after, in desperation and growing fear that he would not see her again, he had come out alone.

Suddenly, out of a by-path, the girl of his thoughts darted. There was a simultaneous twist of front wheels away from each other to avoid a collision. In a moment they were contemplating each other, with a foot of each on the ground and their handle bars touching.

There was a simultaneous laugh.

"Pardon me," he said, removing his cap.

"There's nothing to pardon," she said, smilingly, as both wheels were righted. John knew instinctively that she would smile like that.

"I see I have bent several spokes," said John. "I suppose I might as well straighten them now," he added.

John took out his kit, only to find his wrench missing.

"May I borrow your wrench?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Haworth," she answered.

"You know my name?" he exclaimed, delighted as well as surprised at the turn of affairs.

"Yes, I was at college with your sister. And I want to thank you for a beautiful silk shawl you sent me, though we have never met. I am Josephine Randall." A scarcely perceptible color mounted to her cheek as she extended her hand. John remembered, now, the shawl he had placed in the homeward-bound box of curios for his sister's chum, Miss Randall, who was frequently mentioned in the letters he had received on the other side of the world.

"Both myself and the shawl are honored," he exclaimed, with warmth.

"We would have met before perhaps, had your sister been at home," Miss Randall went on.

"Now that we have met, may not we finish the ride together?" he asked, wistfully.

And thereafter the invalid soldier reined no more for a companion a wheel. Two bicycles instead of one crossed the street to the park every morning.

MY YOUNG LADY.

BY STELLA BEEDING.

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Should I live to see the last day I shall always declare that my young lady was the most beautiful woman in the world. She was truly splendid to look upon, with white, satin skin, yellow hair and deep blue eyes. She was beautiful as a little queen from earliest infancy.

By the time my young mistress was 10 she was as tall as most women, and of a whiteness! Our nearest neighbors were the Painter family. These and my young lady's people were bitter enemies, and I firmly believe it was just this at first that caused my mistress to act as she did. My young lady thrived, fattened on opposition.

One day she went out horseback riding, and from some cause—we never knew what—old Blagowns shied, and my mistress fell, catching her foot in the stirrup. It happened that young Jack Painter—Lord! but what a gainly boy!—was passing that way on his horse at the time. He helped her to his feet and shook the dust out of her hair; and then they might have parted, but both lingered shyly. When it was sloping toward dusk my young lady said she must be getting home, and then young Painter asked if she would meet him in the same place to-morrow, and my mistress said yes.

When she reached home it was quite dark, and my lady told of her adventure, but omitted to mention young Painter, for she knew that to her father, a dreadfully choleric old man, the name of Painter was as boiled crow. But into my ear all, all was poured, and she begged me to accompany her the next day when she had promised to keep tryst with young Painter. I knew it was wrong, but she was so pretty about it I had to consent.

And then there was another cause why I wished to humor my sweet young lady all possible. I know I am a garrulous old woman now, but I have always sung long and loud the praises of my sweet mistress, and talked in her praise; again I am all ears, as the French say, when my lady is concerned. I have always considered it my most religious duty to listen when anything is being said about her, good or bad.

In this manner I learned that my master was thin financially, and had promised my young lady to an old man, a contemporary of his, in lieu of a payment of some debts.

So I determined to deny her no small pleasure that it was in my power to give, and went, not only once, but four, five, six, seven times, and more.

I took my sewing and they improvised a little bench for me.

They were a beautiful pair of doves, she so blond and he so brune, and both so young and noble. I sat in the shade and watched them while I sewed, and listened, it being my duty.

One day I saw him take her in his arms, so gentle, and she submitted to have her head rest on his shoulder, and he kissed her lips and hair and eyes, and she held up her little mouth for another.

I was so frightened at what I had done, and let my workbox fall on the ground and coughed loudly.

A few days after my master told my young lady that he proposed marrying her off to that old whiskers of his own choosing. She raved and said she loved young Painter—this I heard while I was standing behind the thin partition in the pantry—and, of course, he became more imperious than ever to impose his will.

Finally my young lady's meek mother came to her and pleaded with her to give in, which she did at last, poor thing, and was married and went away, and I went with her, you may be sure.

Happily, my mistress's husband died about eight years after the marriage, and I had it on my mind to bring my sweet lady and young Painter together again after a decent period of mourning.

One night I stood on the upper stairs, listening. I heard her say:

"Jack, I couldn't. Do you not see how despicable it would be now? I was weak enough to refuse you for another man because you were poor—and because they made me," she added, softly. "And now you are rich, do you not see it is impossible for a woman of delicacy like me? Oh, Jack!" she cried. "I want to, I want to; that is not it, but if you should ever approach me with it, I could not stand it!"

"Think it over to-night, darling," he said, holding her close, "and I will come in the morning early for your decision."

She broke away from him and ran up the stairs, and I had to make myself scarce directly, or he caught eavesdropping.

"That night, as I was undressing her for bed, she said:

"Nurse—so she always called me—'nurse, suppose a girl should reject the love of a good man because he had little money, and marry an old man who could load her with jewels like a Burmese idol, all the time loving the other man. Is she not little short of indecent? And suppose her husband should die and her young lover come back to her a wealthy man, and again ask her to be his wife, and she should want to say yes, oh! so much—should she say it?'"

I appeared to think acutely for a minute.

"Well?" I said, slowly, "yes and no. If she is dying to give herself and her love and he is dying to receive, why then I should say yes, but—"

"Thanks," she said, kissing me.

The next morning I learned over the banisters when my young lady had gone down, and I saw—

But this time I could not make out where it would be to my sweet lady's advantage for me to listen, so I turned my old head and tilted softly away.

A CHILD WONDER.

"Infant prodigies?" said Mr. Bibbers, of the Bibbers Dramatic company. "Well, yes, to some extent. I guess I've managed everything but trained dogs, and if you gave me my choice between trained dogs and juvenile wonders, I'd take the dogs. In the worst comes to the worst you can kill the dog without any howl being made—except by the canine, of course; but it's different with a child marvel; his parents or guardians usually object. You see, he's a source of revenue."

"The worst I ever had was Raimund Grahame. His other name was Billy Murphy and he was a boy soprano. He was good, all right, so far as the soprano part of it went, but as a boy he needed revising. He had trained with a tough gang before he broke into professional life and let his hair run to curls. Say, you ought to have seen that kid! He was a looker. He had a face like a young cherub, as innocent and meek as Moses, and those long curls hanging down on each side of it made him a picture. The women all went crazy over him and petted him half to death. They sent him more notes and candy and flowers than I'd been a popular soubrette. I had to fight 'em off with a club."

"One of the greatest troubles I had was to keep him out of scraps. He was one of those kids who'd sooner scrap than eat and he never had any trouble in getting a fuss, either. You see, we kept him dressed up in a black velvet suit with a lace collar and knickerbockers. He was big enough to have worn trousers twice over, but our scheme was to have him look as juvenile as we could. He hated the rig, of course, and he took it out on the kids he ran across in his travels. We had to watch him all the time, but as close as we watched there was times he'd break out of the hotel and sail down the street with a chip on his shoulder!"

"You can imagine how it would be. He would be walking along with that pretty, innocent, mamma-boy face and his curls and presently some unsuspecting lad would spot him for an easy mark."

"Come on, fellows," he says. "Here's Little Lord Fauntleroy. Hey, Willie! Why don't you get a hair cut?"

"Raimund would look scared and then the crowd would whoop. Maybe one of 'em would pull his curls and Raimund would head for a quick alley with the gang after him in full cry. He never got further than a quiet spot. Then he'd stop running and walk up to the biggest one in the bunch and hand him the toughest line of talk that he knew—and he knew plenty."

He could talk pretty when he liked, having had the advantage of association with me, but when he let himself out he could make a bartender blush. Before the kid had quite got over his surprise Little Lord Fauntleroy would get in an upstart that generally put him to the blush; then if the others mixed in there would be a whirl of long curls and knotty fists and the next thing the gang would be flying for their lives with Raimund behind 'em."

"I could tell you of a thousand cussed tricks that boy genius played me. There was a steady average of three a day, and the strain began to tell on me by the time we got started home. I counted the days and made up my mind that if I once got him home alive he'd stay there for all of me. So it was almost a disappointment when a society woman in Cleveland came to me and wanted to engage him to sing at a musicale she was giving at her house. She had heard Raimund sing 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair' at the opera house, and it had made a hit with her. It would have made a hit with anybody. I tried to bluff her with the price, but her husband had money to burn and she called me promptly."

"We drove to the woman's house and he made the usual sensation. There was a chorus of 'Isn't he dear!' 'How perfectly sweet he looks!' and so on

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INTOLERABLE CONDITIONS.

It becomes more and more apparent that something must be done to prevent the frightful railroad accidents constantly occurring in this country. Things have come to such a pass that railroad travel seems to be no longer even reasonably safe and the American people cannot be expected to tolerate such conditions.

Just what the remedy will be, must be left to the experts. The man who has no special knowledge of the subject can hardly suggest what should be done. That the succession of frightful fatalities cannot be permitted to continue, however, is perfectly plain to everyone.

If the accidents are due to carelessness, then very decided action should be taken by the authorities. If they are the result of the desire of passengers for high speed, they passengers should be taught that the speed which they demand cannot be maintained without great risk. If improper equipment is responsible, then better equipment must be provided without any unnecessary delay.

Whatever the cause, it is impossible to convince the traveling public that all the accidents are unavoidable. If they are, then railroad travel is altogether too hazardous to be indulged in. The fact that in England such accidents are of very rare occurrence and that in our own country they did not use to be so frequent seems to indicate that they are the result of comparatively recent conditions. This being so, it behooves railroad officials to see to it that conditions are changed. We can no longer close our eyes to the fact that the situation is very serious; that travel by rail, in fact, has become fully as perilous as war.

For the good of the railroads themselves, prompt action is demanded. Certainly accidents such as those of which we have for the past few months been reading must unpleasantly affect people contemplating journeys. Their continuance cannot fail to greatly reduce the volume of travel, thus inflicting double injury upon the railroads. This fact will, in itself, probably stimulate railroad managers to sit up and take notice.

OUR EXCHANGES

A Wish

What shall I wish for you, My Friend?

Riches, or honors, or fair renown? Riches have wings, and honors are dreams.

Fame is as empty as bubble blown

Nay, nay, Dear Friend, I'll wish you love;

For once that Cupid your life has blessed,

Love will fill your heart and soul; Banishes like these will not be missed.

—Donald A. Fraser in National Magazine, February number.

Welcome to Ambassador and Salary
The new British ambassador, accompanied by his \$50,000 salary, is in our midst.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Difference

A girl with a swanlike neck may

Scientists Claim Consumption is Spread By Spitting in Public.

The bacillus of tuberculosis starts tubercles in the lungs. These casey, soften, and are ejected from the lungs in coughing. A dry cough will spray the air full of these germs, a loose cough will deposit the sputum on the sidewalks, where it will dry, be trodden to powder, whirled about in the wind for healthy people to breathe, and so start up new plantations of these bacilli. Dr. Knopf says that an advanced case of consumption will eject about seven billions of these germs every twenty-four hours.

It is a murderous practice to spit where others may bring the infection into the house on shoes or skirts, where it may dry and become a powder to be sent into the air and breathed into the lungs. If the lungs are sore from colds or any other cause, these germs settle on the sore spot and set up what is called a "mixed infection." This is the starting point of consumption, and prompt treatment is required.

An eminent authority on lung trouble advises the use of the following simple formula, which can be secured from any good prescription druggist at small cost: Half ounce Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), two ounces of Glycerine, and a half pint of good Whiskey. Mix and use in teaspoonful doses every four hours.

It is said that the mixture will break up a cold in twenty-four hours, and cure any cough that is curable. The ingredients should be pure and to avoid substitutes, they should be purchased separately and mixed in the home of the patient. The Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) should be purchased in the original half-ounce vials, put up for druggists to dispense. Each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case, with the name—"Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure)"—plainly printed thereon. There are many rank imitations of Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), which are put out under various names, such as Concentrated Oil of Pine, Pine Balsam, etc. Never accept these as a substitute for the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine, as they will invariably produce nausea and never effect the desired result.

be all right in a novel, but she doesn't show up as well in real life.—Haverhill Sunday Record.

Who Said It Was

It is not true that President Roosevelt wore evening clothes at breakfast at Dr. Bigelow's.—Boston Globe

They'll Have to Wait Four Years Longer

Such glory as is now Harvard's because a Harvard man is president may be reflected after March 4, 1909, on either Yale or Brown.—Providence Journal.

He's Doing His Duty

District Attorney Jerome has demonstrated that he can be very pitiless and unswerving when he makes up his mind to it.—Washington Star.

Plenty of News

Preset indications are that newspapers will not have to cease publication for want of train wrecks and sea disasters with which to fill their available space.—Manchester Union.

HOW "BEN HUR" CAME TO BE WRITTEN

By Rev. George W. Gile

Current literature for February gives some interesting facts in reference to Gen. Lew Wallace and his remarkable novel. The motive for "Ben Hur" is said to have come to the author after a straightforward talk one evening with Ingersoll on the eternal, religious theme—God, Christ and immortality.

He writes: "The importance of the theme struck me for the first time with a force both singular and persistent. My ignorance of it was painfully a spot of deeper darkness in the darkness. I was ashamed of myself and the mortification of pride I then endured ended in a resolution to study the whole matter, if only for the gratification there might be in having convictions of one kind or another."

Gen. Wallace assures us that when he started "Ben Hur," he was indifferent to religion, but that long before he had finished it, he was a believer in God and Christ. The year after "Ben Hur" appeared he was appointed minister to Turkey and one of the advantages of his position was that it gave him an opportunity to visit Jerusalem and Judea under the most favorable circumstances.

He took advantage of this opportunity to test the accuracy of the descriptions given in "Ben Hur." As he tells the story, "I started on foot from Bethany, proceeding over the exact route followed by my hero, walked to Mt. Olivet, saw the rock at which the mother and sister waited for their tarrying. Then I went to the top of Olivet and saw the identical stone, as I thought, upon which my hero sat when he returned from the galley life. I went down into the old valley of Kedron and from the old well of Enrogel looked over the valley and every feature of the scene appeared identical with the description of that which the hero of the story looked upon. At every point of the journey over which I traced his steps to Jerusalem, I found the descriptive details true to the existing objects and scenes."

I have taken the above from the February number of Current Literature in order that the hundreds of our citizens who are looking forward to Mr. Bailey's lecture on Wednesday evening at the Middle Street

Baptist Church with great expectations, may know something of the history and purpose of this famous novel.

Twenty-six years ago President Garfield ventured the prediction that "Ben Hur" would "take a permanent and high place in literature." Subsequent events have shown that he spoke with the wisdom of a seer. The book has been published in fourteen editions, aggregating 1,000,000 copies. It has been translated into German, French, Swedish, Bohemian, Turkish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Arabic, and has been printed in raised characters for the blind. In its dramatic version it has been witnessed by tens of thousands of people in all our great cities.

The purpose of Mr. Bailey's lecture is to bring many of the more interesting scenes in "Ben Hur" vividly before the people, by the aid of beautiful views. The chariot race and other incidents in this religious, historic novel are seen upon the screen. The well known characters in the book appear to come back to life and stand before us. Mr. Bailey in a fine clear voice, interprets the scenes, as this drama of surpassing interest passes before us and the hour and a half consumed in the giving of the lecture, leaves an impression upon the audience, not only of extreme pleasure but also of strong religious feeling and conviction.

The tickets for the lecture have been freely given, with the special request that each ticket holder bring to the lecture an offering of silver. It is the wish of the Baptist Guild to do good and this lecture is given in the interest of intelligence and religious awakening. Admission will be by ticket till 7.45, after that the lecture will be open to the public. The lecture will begin at eight.

Lap Fortune Tellers.

In Lapland fortune tellers are fortune makers, for in the Polar regions magic is firmly believed in. The air of mystery which these medicine men affect, as well as their knowledge of formulas, sleight of hand and hieroglyphics on the rune drum, give them a position of peculiar preeminence among the people.

Modern Cooks Have Best of It.

The modern housekeeper may think the preparing of daily meals in this enlightened century a task; but she would be comforted indeed could she take one peek in a book that gave the English ladies of long ago directions for living the complicated life. She would not be in the least distressed that time should swing backward.

Value of Introspection.

In those moments when you are most satisfied with yourself, settle down with the set purpose of finding at least a few flaws in yourself; it may be hard at first, but it will become easier and easier as you go along and the world will benefit from the process.—John A. Howland.

Weakness in Average Shoe.

"One part of women's shoes that many cobblers keep in stock is the tongue," said one shoemaker. "In the average shoe the tongue is made of mighty poor stuff. It soon cracks and gets hopelessly dingy and gives the shoe a shoddy appearance, no matter how well kept it may be otherwise."

Good Word for Truancy.

A physician says he can cure truancy with the knife. Truancy of the body is only a small part of it. It is by truancy of the mind that a boy remains a boy and escapes being the prodigy of learning that education would make of him.—N. Y. Tribune.

STOLE \$200,000

Thieves Rob Chicago Sub-Treasury

DETECTIVES CAN FIND NO CLUE

Chief Wilkie Off To Windy City To Investigate

EVERY EMPLOYEE UNDER SURVEILLANCE NIGHT AND DAY

Chicago, Feb. 25.—Somewhere between \$175,000 and \$200,000 was stolen from the local sub-treasury last week.

Chief Wilkie of the United States secret service has been kept informed by telephone and telegraph of every development in the case and will leave Washington today to take personal charge of the investigation made by the authorities.

Secretary Shaw of the treasury department was told of the gigantic theft when here last week and was in conference with sub-treasurer William Boldenweck and secret service officials.

The money was stolen either a week ago Saturday, the next day or last Monday. The chances are it was abstracted on Monday. The loss was discovered on Tuesday.

All the money was in bills of denomination of \$1000, \$5000 and \$10,000. At first it was believed that here must be some error in the bookkeeping. It was thought to be impossible that such a large sum of money could have been abstracted in face of all safeguards thrown around Uncle Sam's strong box.

The ledgerman strongly denied any error and an investigation showed there was no possible clerical mistake to account for the disappearance of the cash.

This brought the inevitable conclusion that robbery was the only explanation. Just as certain was the deduction that the thieves were employees of the sub-treasury and were at that moment pursuing their daily tasks.

Every man who could have had anything to do with the case was called into Treasurer Boldenweck's office and put through an exhaustive examination and a still more rigid cross-examination, Captain Porter of the secret service assisted.

They stood the ordeal. All denied knowledge of the theft and protested their innocence. But it was obvious that someone was lying. The chances were 1000 to one that one or more of the employees had actually purloined the cash or had connived at the theft by some outsider.

Day by day since then the investigation has been kept up. Saturday there came a faint glimmer of light. A faint clue pointed in the direction of a certain clerk, and that followed up directed the finger of suspicion to another employee, a close associate of the first man.

These men were summoned. The suspicious circumstances against them were paraded, the certainty of detection and punishment was impressed upon them and they were advised to make a clean breast of what ever part they played in the conspiracy.

One, through to be the moving spirit, came through the ordeal clam and selfpossessed. The officers put him down as innocent or a master hand of criminality.

The other, younger, showed signs of breaking down. Just what he admitted, the secret service men refuse to disclose, but it is believed to be tantamount to a confession. The admission he made started the investigation into renewed activity. Half a dozen operatives started out and the results are expected soon.

Every employee of the office is under surveillance day and night, and should one or more of them prove to be the thief, or thieves, escape will be impossible. All have reported for work daily since the discovery was made. Every man is under bond.

That the robbery was committed during working hours is almost a certainty. The plunder could have been concealed in two vest pockets. The huge vault of the sub-treasury is constructed of many layers of chilled steel and has a number of doors which must be passed before entrance is secured to the apartment containing the money. The theft of money which had once got into the vault has been regarded as an impossibility.

Each of the three doors is governed by a time-lock and cannot be opened except during business hours. During the day only the outer of the

INDIA

BLACK OR GREEN

ALL KINDS
ALL GRADES
FOR ALL TASTES

TEA

ONE TEASPOON MAKES TWO CUPS

three doors is kept closed but even in business hours the vault rings an electric bell, so that should a sneak thief attempt to enter the vault the whole office force would receive warning.

Sub-Treasurer Boldenweck today admitted that a theft of \$173,000 had been perpetrated but refused to go into details. He said:

"We discovered the shortage last Wednesday. There is a possibility that the shortage is due to an effort of a bookkeeper, but I am inclined to believe that a robbery has been committed."

Boston Tavern.

Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.

Orway Pl. & 347 Washington S



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European Plan.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS

THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

AN Attractive Contract

The Travellers Ins. Co. is offering to Preferred Risks a \$5000.00 Accident Policy, which at the end of five years becomes worth \$7,500.00 and at same time insures the Beneficiary for \$5000.00 while travelling, weekly in demerit which would be paid the insured under the double benefit is \$50.00 a week, not exceeding 400 weeks.

The Annual Premium for such a Contract is only \$25.00. The Travellers Ins. Co., being the largest Accident Co. in the World, it is reasonable to presume that its Contracts are the most liberal.

This Co. also writes Health and Liability Insurance.

G. E. TRAFTON
DISTRICT AGENT.

Northern New England Summer Homes.

One in New York City, Seashore, Mountain, Lake and Country Homes.

Parties who have a share of a country property for sale, that are available for Summer Homes can list the same by communicating with

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

BOOKBINDING

Of Every Description.

Blank Books Made to Order

J. D. RANDALL
Over Pay's Store, Portsmouth, N. H.

NOTICE

THE undersigned gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Alice H. Knox late of Newington in the county of Rockingham, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment, to JAMES H. KNOX, at his residence, 121 H. W.

WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE,

WANTED, TO LET, LOST

FOUND, ETC.

One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK
40 CENTS.

WANTED—I want a local representative, well known, good standing, and of executive ability to represent a good enterprise of great merit. Proper references required. Satisfactory compensation to the right man. M. H. Kelley, Treas. Saco, Maine. #26m5

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. chalsu

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office.

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. F7hc 3w

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. chalsu

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. chalsu

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. chalsu

WANTED—Salesmen of ability, and neat appearance to call on all merchants in their territory; elegant side line convenient to carry; good commissions; prompt remittance. Belmont Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O.

ANY person willing to distribute our samples; \$20.00 weekly. "Empire" 29 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Plenty of snow.

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RESTORES VITALITY
"Made a Well Man of Me."
THE GREAT
REVIVO REMEDY
produces five results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men can recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and gently removes Nervousness, Loss of Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfit one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off apoplexy, heart disease, fainting, and all other diseases. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it with guarantee. Circulars free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

For sale in Portsmouth by G. E. PILBRICK, DRUGGIST

GEORGE A. TRAFTON
Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.

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Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 2 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

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George A. Jackson

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BUILDER,

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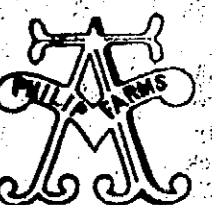
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What is excellent? BUTTER made at



ELIOT, MAINE.

CREAM that contains no poisonous preservative.

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When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but

GRAY & PRIME

who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it

THOMAS E. CALL & SON

—DEALER IN—

Eastern and Western

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Wholes, Clepts, Pickets, Etc. for Cash or Lowest Market Prices.

Market Street, - - Portsmouth, N. H.

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Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.

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NO. 114 MARKET ST.

MEN AND WOMEN.
Use Big 44 for annual discharge examinations, irrigation of bladder, of mucous membranes, of urethra, and not straining or poisoning.

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Superior to all others
Unsurpassed and unsurpassable

MADE OF PURE CREAM OF TARTAR. NO ALUM.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FOR COLLECTIONS

Steamers' Smokestack Designs Offer A Great Variety

Among the subjects for collections, few think of making collections of the designs upon steamers' smokestacks, but it is frequently done and this report furnishes a fairly good field for its pursuance.

The foreign tramp steamers have many widely different designs and that on the British steamer Ixia, the latest foreign visitor here, is most unusual. It consists of a broad red band on a black stack, on which is a white stag, the emblem of the line to which the Ixia belongs.

Many of the steamers which have brought coal here recently, such as the Alderney, Athalia, Louisburg, Phoenix, Britannic, Troid, Universe and others are under charter to the Black Diamond Coal Company, and have a black diamond in a red band on a black stack.

The famous Roddam, the only survivor of the Mont Pelee eruption, which was recently lost on the St. Berlan coast, had a yellow stack with two bands of black and red adjoining each other at the top.

The Yarrowburgh had a white anchor on a black stack.

The Maylands had a black W on a white band on a black stack.

The Helm had a black stack with eight alternating red and white bands.

The Jacob Bright had two broad white bands upon a black stack.

The Woburn had a Maltese cross on a black stack.

The Nordkap had a red star on a yellow stack.

The Armenia had a stack divided equally into sections of black, white and blue.

The Undaunted had a white triangular space on a black stack.

Many other visitors, here, among them the Amethyst, Duncan, Volund and Aarucania, had plain black stacks.

Towboat lines furnish a wide variety. The Reading Company has a black stack with a red top.

The Consolidation Coal Company has a black stack with three white stripes.

The Central Railroad of New Jersey has a black stack upon which is a white circle, red inside.

The Staples Coal Company has a gold star with a black stack.

The Erie Railroad has a black stack with four white stripes, on each of which is painted a letter of the word Erie.

The Seaboard Transportation Company has a white S in a red band on a black stack.

The Standard Oil Company has a white S on a black stack.

The Commercial Towboat Company and the Munn Towing Company each have a black stack with a white top.

The T. Wharf Towboat Company and the Tice Towing Company each

have a white T on a black stack. The Western Maryland Coal Company has a white stack with a black top.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad has a yellow stack. The Lackenback Towing Company has a plain black stack.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad has the white letters L. V. in a black diamond in a red band on a black stack.

Both the Piscataqua Navigation Company and the Portland Towboat Company have a white P. on a black stack.

Many other lines, the steamers of which do not visit here, also have interesting devices.

LOCAL OBSERVANCE

Of The Longfellow Centennial Tomorrow Afternoon

Tomorrow the 100th anniversary hour's reading from Longfellow's poetry in the Unitarian chapel on Court street, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

C. W. Gray will sing "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Day is Done." Mrs. Priest will sing "The Arrow and the Song." All interested are cordially invited.

GOING SOME

At noon on Feb. 6, F. G. Plummer of Seattle, at the wheel of a one cylinder Cadillac, completed a 1,000 mile non-stop ride. The entire distance was covered on the streets of Seattle. The start was made Sunday noon after a fall of several inches of snow. Before the ride was a day old, a thaw set in with occasional showers, but through it all the Cadillac kept going and not for a second did the engine show signs of sticking. The start and finish were made at The Times office and a full 1,000 miles made, with the one-lunger still pumping away when the stop was made. The ride consumed 54.5 gallons of gasoline, 2.5 gallons of oil, about eighteen miles to one gallon of gasoline and 100 miles to one quart of oil, this trip over snow and ice in the winter. The one-lunger can't be beaten for simplicity, economy and durability. All Cadillacs will do it.

ANNUAL DONATION PARTY THURSDAY EVENING

The Methodist parish is to give its annual donation party and entertainment at the Home for Aged Women on Deer street on Thursday evening.

MEETS TOMORROW

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Frank Gardner, Market street, tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

WILL GIVE A RECEPTION

The Unitarian Isles of Shoals Association will give a reception in Channing Hall, Beacon street, Boston, on Saturday, March 2.

TOWN MUST ASK IT

Is Required To Request A Bankruptcy Decision

Judge Hoyt did not on Monday finally adjudge the New England Breeders' Club bankrupt, but he will do so if the town of Salem will unite with the water commissioners of the town in requesting such action.

In that case, a messenger will be appointed to care for the property.

The national bankruptcy act does not cover corporations of this character, so the probate court of the county has jurisdiction.

Attorney Henry P. Hollis of Concord was present at the hearing as a creditor of the New England Breeders' Club. He stated that the club had defaulted.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

A Versatile Man

Charles P. Morrison, who interprets the role of August Melon, the multi-millionaire widower, in B. C. Whitney's musical cocktail, "Piff, Paff Puff," to be seen at Music Hall, has made the hit of his career. Mr. Morrison sings "Cordelia Maloune," the big Irish song number and scores several encores nightly. Mr. Morrison has had a valuable experience in light opera. He has a repertoire of 104 roles and, it is said, can sing any of them at a moment's notice.

Enormously Successful

The return engagement of "As Ye Sow" at Music Hall is looked forward to with great interest by the public, on account of its enormously successful engagement last season. The production has received a complete overhauling by Messrs. William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer, and bids fair to even surpass last year's presentation. No piece in the history of theatrical amusements of this country has made such a deep impression upon the minds of the people as has this great play by Rev. John Snyder. So great is the interest of some of the proprietors have received offers from far away Australia for the rights of it and it is almost certain that negotiations will be closed for the entire production to be taken to London, England.

A Piquant Musical Mixture

The piquant musical mixture "The Isle of Spice," traveling under the B. C. Whitney banner, and which was so successful in Chicago, New York and Boston, attaining long runs in each of those cities, is a phenomenal business, will soon be offered at Music Hall. The piece abounds in clever wit, smart dialog and beautiful music that lends charm to the environment of the realm over which the much-married majesty, King Bôhpopka, reigns. The principals in the cast are players of prominence and skilfully interpret the various roles, while the chorus of fifty contains many delightful and charmingly pretty girls, who can both sing and dance.

NORTH CHURCH NOTES

The week night meeting at the

North Church this week will be held on Wednesday evening, instead of on Friday evening, as usual, and will be addressed by Secretary Steckney of North Dakota.

"Divine Love," a church oratorio by Charles B. Rutenber, and a musical composition of unusual interest, will be sung by the chorus choir at the North Church on Sunday evening.

Judge Henry A. Shute, author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," will address the John Langdon Club at its next meeting on Monday evening, March 4.

LESLIE'S SHAMROCK

Col. Leslie Norman has not much time to dig the snow off that shamrock in his garden and get a spig of the famous trefoil clover plant ready for the seventeenth of March, as usual. Numerous inquiries have reached him of late by telephone, telegraph and mail from his anxious friends, requesting that he let the political plum tree in Ward Four go for a while and make ready for his customary display of the Irish national flower next month.

DOWN GOES THE MILK

The milk delivery wagon of John W. Caswell of the Lafayette farm got mixed up in one of those fancy snow drifts on South street near the residence of E. C. Matthews this (Tuesday) morning and the result was that eighty quarts of the white fluid, that should have been on the breakfast tables of the city, were lost in the snow. The driver says that if a man gets out with his life driving through that part of the city he is lucky.

CARD OF THANKS

We hereby take this means of thanking our friends and acquaintances, especially the members of the Frank Jones Brewing Company, for their kindness and sympathy during our late bereavement and also for the beautiful floral tributes.

Mrs. P. F. Butler and Family.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Theresa C. Katken was held at two o'clock this (Tuesday) afternoon from the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Katken, on Bridge street. Interment was in Calvary cemetery under the direction of Undertaker O. W. Ham.

GAVE AN EXHIBITION

Herbert Dawson, better known as the St. Louis Kid, gave a very interesting exhibition of pool playing at Mowe's parlors on Monday evening. He is a brother of Tom Dawson, the famous English crack, and is himself one of the most noted experts now playing in the East.

FOR A CONCERT AND BALL

Court Rockingham, Foresters of America, is arranging for a concert and ball on Easter Monday night.

DATE OF TREADWELL HEARING

Tuesday, March 5, is the date set for a hearing on the case involving the Treadwell estate.

OLD-TIME ILLUMINATION

When an Ordinary Lantern Was Counted Something Extraordinary.

In these days of electric lights, with all their capabilities for brilliant illumination, it is amusing to read what the subjects of George H. considered a dazzling effect, says Youth's Companion. A Frenchman, visiting in London at the time of the coronation of that monarch in 1727, writes enthusiastically in praise of the lighting of the city as well as of a banquet display.

"Most of the streets," writes M. Saussure, "are wonderfully well lighted; in front of each house hangs a lantern, or large globe of glass, inside of which is placed a lamp which burns all night. Large houses have two of these, suspended outside the doors by iron supports. Some even have four."

How one arc-light would have dazzled the good people of that day! "When the coronation procession entered Westminster hall," the writer continues, "the light of day was beginning to fade. Forty chandeliers, in shape of a crown, hung from the ceiling, each having 36 wax candles."

"On the king's appearance all suddenly lighted, and every eye in the room was filled with astonishment at the wonderful and unexpected illumination. Little cords of cotton wool, imperceptible to the eye, saturated with sulphur of antimony, spirits of wine and other ingredients, had been prepared and arranged so as to carry the flame rapidly from one candle to another. The arrangement had been so skilfully prepared that scarcely a candle failed to take fire."

HOW TO JUDGE YOUR DOG

Information for Those Who Own an Animal Fit for Exhibition Purposes.

The average man is greatly puzzled to find one dog awarded a first prize, and another, which to him appears to be quite as fine a specimen, awarded no prize at all. A man who knows the relative values of the different points in all breeds of dogs is a veritable walking encyclopedia.

Generally speaking, the best dog is one which comes nearest the standard of requirements for its own particular breed, about 25 per cent. of the points being usually awarded for fine head proportions, an equal number for legs and feet, a similar number again for body and color, and the rest for symmetry.

In the Dalmatian, for instance, 30 points are given for color and markings, while head, eyes and ears have only 15; the bulldog, on the other hand, has 45 for head and ears, while coat and color amount to but five points; the collie has 25 for coat, color being immaterial, and 25 for head and ears.

The St. Bernard has 40 for head and ears, and five each for coat and color; the Pomeranian has but 15 for head and ears, 45 points going for coat, color and tail, with 15 for appearance. It may be set down as governing in all breeds of dogs that whatever is the typical feature of that breed is the feature upon which stress is laid in the allotment of points.

Polltiness.

"Mr. Hankinson," said the little girl, "excuse my being so impolite. I ought to have told you when you first came in that you hadn't wiped the mud off your shoes."

In the Right Place.

A New Yorker who sent an informal machine to his father-in-law explains that he did it as a joke. Fortunately he has a nice, quiet cell in which to formulate his explanation.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a flower which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. Few young women appreciate the shock of the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the check of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. More than a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mother, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and make its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve, nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Bad Symptoms. The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weaknesses and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into maladies which demand the surgeon's knife if they do not result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong professional endorsement of each of its several ingredients—worth more than any number of ordinary non-professional testimonials. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol,

harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as complete and correct.

In any condition of the female system Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must not be expected of the "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It will often prevent them, if taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

Doctor's All Agree. The most eminent writers on *Materia Medica*, whose works are consulted as authorities by physicians of all the different schools of practice, extol, in the most positive terms, the curative virtues of each and every ingredient entering into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In fact it is the only medicine, put up for sale through druggists for the cure of all diseases of the mucous surfaces, as nasal catarrh, throat, laryngeal, and bronchial affections attended by lingering, or hang-on-coughs that has any such professional endorsement—worth more than any amount of lay or non-professional testimonials.

Do not expect too much from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will not work miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. Nor is the "Discovery" so good for a sudden attack of acute cough, but for the lingering, obstinate hang-on-coughs, accompanying catarrh, throat, laryngeal and bronchial affections, it is a most efficacious remedy. In cases accompanied with wasting of flesh, night-sweats, weak stomach and poor digestion with faulty assimilation, and which, if neglected or badly treated are apt to lead to consumption, the "Discovery" has proven wonderfully successful in effecting cures.

The formula is printed on every wrapper of "Golden Medical Discovery," attested as to correctness under oath, and you can't afford to accept any substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret remedy no matter what selfish interests may prompt the dealer to urge such upon you. In fact it is an insult to your intelligence for him to do so. You know what you want and it is his place to supply that want.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. They cleanse, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, curing biliousness and constipation. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

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Working off the old stock to make room for new.

Great Bargains on Suits.

Cut Prices on Overcoats.

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Cleaning Out Prices on Sweaters, Canvas Coats, Gloves and Winter Caps.

Ask to See the Best 65c Overall in the City.

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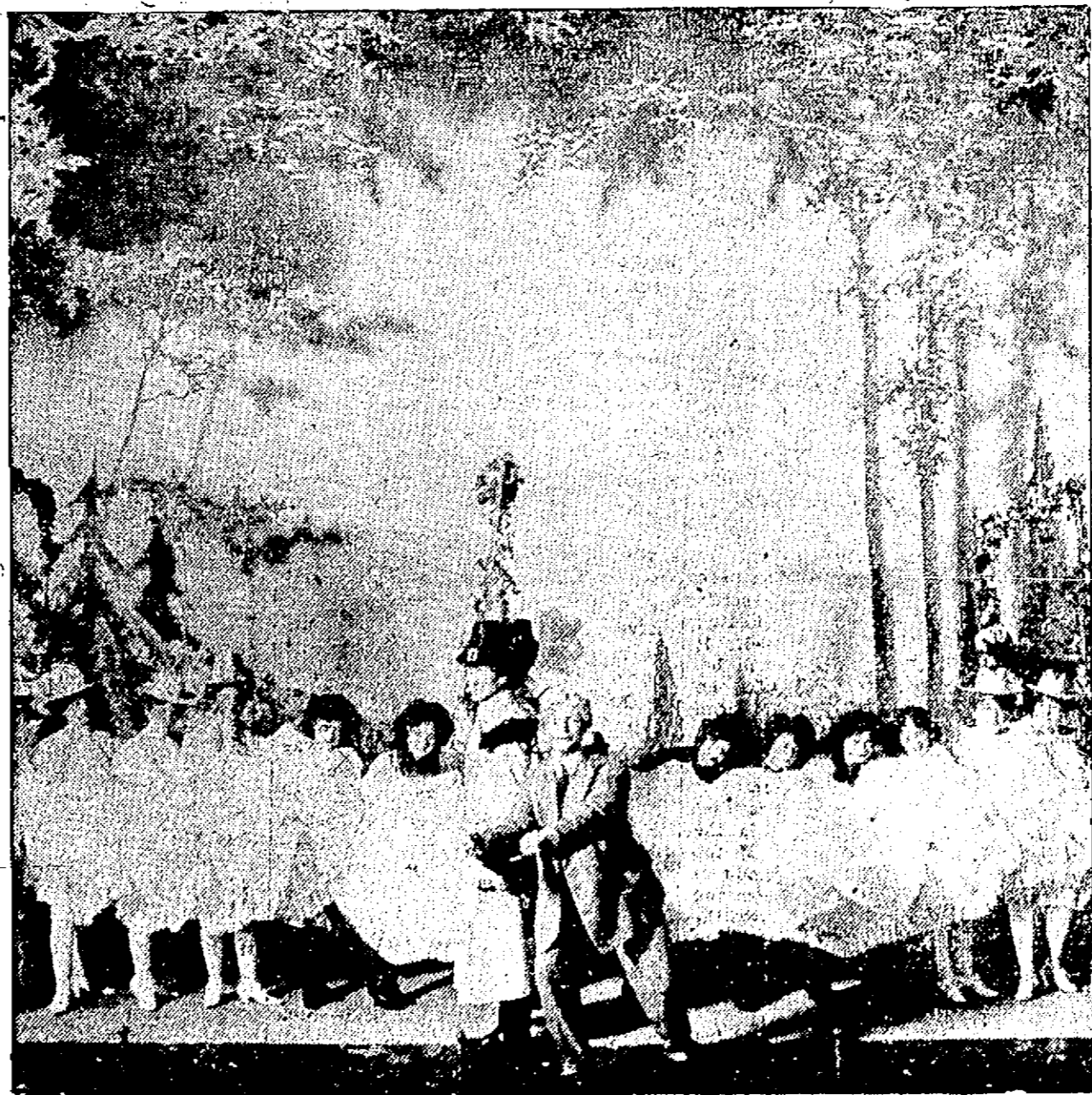
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Scene from Piff Paff Puff at Music Hall March 4th.

THE BRINK IS NEAR

Few Portsmouth People Know How Near It Is

Every time you neglect backache, allow the kidneys to become clogged. Fall to cure urinary disorders. You get nearer the brink of Bright's disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills will save you from danger. Proof of it in Portsmouth testimony.

A. S. Woodward, grocer, of 35 Congress St., Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are all they are claimed to be. Before using them I had severe backaches which were very distressing. I caught the least cold. I also had a kidney weakness which was annoying. I was different after I used Doan's Kidney Pills, for the backache disappeared, and the trouble with the kidney secretions was much relieved. I have recommended your medicine to my friends and I know it is up to the representations made for it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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\$250,000 has not been spent

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HOTEL EMPIRE

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NEW YORK CITY.

Restaurant and Service Unexcelled

Splendid Location

Most Modern Improvements

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Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes

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your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation. If you want your carriages or car repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience in this business without expense.

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TABLE DELICACIES

COME NEW AND OLD RECIPES OF VALUE.

Oatmeal Bread Will Be Appreciated by Those Fond of This Cereal—Ingredients for Batter Pudding.

OATMEAL BREAD.—Put one heaping cup of dry rolled or flaked oats into a mixing bowl, add a rounding tablespoon of butter or lard, one level teaspoon of salt, two cups of boiling water, and let stand until lukewarm, then add one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of lukewarm water, and enough flour to make a drop batter. Cover and let rise one hour. Now mix stiff with flour and let rise over night. In the morning mold into loaves, using as little flour as possible. Put into pans, let rise, and bake well in a moderate oven.

CRANBERRY MINCE PIE.—Chop one cup of cranberries and one-half cup of seeded raisins. Line a plate with paper and put in the berries and raisins mixed. Sprinkle with one cup of sugar and a slightly rounding tablespoon of flour, add one-half cup of water to which is added one-half teaspoon of vanilla and a pinch of salt.

GOOD COOKIES.—Cream one cup of butter and two cups of sugar, add three tablespoons of milk and one rounding tablespoon of caraway seed. Sift two cups of flour with three level teaspoons of baking powder and add to the first mixture and more flour if needed for a soft dough. Shape into little balls, lay on a baking pan some distance apart; press out thin and bake.

CHEESE CREAM TOAST.—Toast six slices of bread and cover lightly with grated cheese. Make two cups of white sauce. Set the bread and cheese in the oven for a few minutes, then pour the sauce around and serve at once.

STAMMED BATTER PUDDING.—Beat two eggs and one rounding tablespoon of sugar together, add one cup of milk, one tablespoon of melted butter, and two cups of flour sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder. Beat well and pour over one cup of stewed and sliced prunes in a buttered mold. Steam one hour and a quarter and serve with a hot liquid sauce.

MELTED JELLY.—Take one tablespoon of currant or grape jelly, beat with it the white of one egg and a teaspoon of sugar. Pour on it a teaspoonful of boiling water and break in it a slice of dry toast or two crackers.

AMSTERDAM PUDDING.—Pour one cup scalded milk over one cup fine cracker crumbs, add one tablespoonful butter, mix two teaspoonfuls cocoa with one-half cup sugar, add it to the milk, one teaspoonful vanilla, and the whites of four eggs beaten very stiff; boil in a buttered melon pudding mold one hour. Serve hot with a yellow sauce.

ONIONS IN DELICIOUS STYLE.

Variation from Usual Form in Which They Are Served.

Bermuda onions and the silver-skin grown in this country, which are nearly as good, are delicious when pierced with a fork. Drain and place in a shallow buttered baking pan; pour over enough milk to cover about one cup, into which has been stirred a tablespoon of tapoca; add a half teaspoon of butter, a teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper. Place in the oven and bake until a light brown on top, about 20 minutes. Serve in the same dish. This is a change from the ordinary creamed onions; the tapoca is a delightful addition.

The ordinary method for baking by putting in a pie tin with an inch of water and letting cook in a slow oven brings toothsome results. Stewed onions when parboiled are relieved of the odor and aftermath of taste that annoys some people.

Value of Old Gloves. The house worker should never throw away her old gloves, particularly her old white gloves. They are most useful in protecting the hands while dusting, sweeping or wiping dishes. As women often complain that they feel clumsy in doing their work with gloves on, by simply cutting away the finger tips this sensation is overcome. A very good pair of gloves which faces up the palm of the hands and in brought several sizes larger than the ordinary wearing gloves is the ideal working glove. But large old gloves do as well.

Cheese Blauit. Roll some puff paste out thin and sprinkle over it a dash of cayenne and dry grated cheese to cover it; double up the paste, roll it out again and cut it with a small round cake cutter, says a writer in What to Eat. Brush over the blauit with an egg, lay them on a floured tin and bake in a hot oven to a very pale brown. Any stale bits of cheese may be pleasantly used in this way.

Worth Remembering. If you have a splinter in your finger don't poke about with a pair of tweezers or a needle, but make a plaster by crushing some soap on to a piece of rag, sprinkle a little sugar over it, mashing it together with the end of a teaspoon. This plaster applied to the wound at night will draw the splinter, however deeply it may have entered, to the surface by the morning, so that it can be pulled out with the fingers.

SQUARE CLOTH IS LIKED.

Easier to Launder and Has More Graceful Effect.

The round tablecloth which was introduced about 12 years ago and attained great popularity, is not nearly so much sought for this year. Housekeepers have discovered that it is much more difficult to launder smoothly than a square tablecloth, while drooping corners even on a round table give a more graceful effect to the table than does a circular cloth. It is not generally known that the high-grade cloths were originally imported square, but were afterward cut around to order, the patterns usually allowing this. While floral designs are always popular, the most expensive weaves now come in the empire, Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI, with conventional and geometrical designs. Plain satin damask without any pattern is also in great demand for dinner and lunch cloths, but is decorated with lace and drawn-work designs done by hand. In lace used with dinner cloths or in tea trays of Italian flit is at present the most popular, though Byzantine, Baroque and crocheted are also in high favor. The Chinese hand-embroidered grass then centerpieces and dollies launder beautifully and are most serviceable. The embroidery on these is very lustrous and rich looking. They come in the delectable blues and white, in floral designs and in the dragon design.

TO PUT A CAKE TOGETHER.

Method That Is Said to Avoid Possibility of Failure.

The following way of putting a cake together never fails: Work the butter and sugar to a cream, beat the whites and yolks of eggs separately (the whites to a stiff froth, the yolks to a cream), then add yolks to the creamed butter and sugar; afterward add the milk, then the flavoring, next the whites of the eggs and lastly the flour by degrees.

If fruit is added, dredge flour over it, stirring it in slowly and thoroughly before the flour.

Where the recipe calls for baking powder and you are out of it, use soda and cream of tartar in a teaspoonful of boiling water, adding it to the cake before adding the whites of the eggs. When sour milk is used always use soda, not baking powder.

Beef Chertips. Chop one pound of tender round steak, very fine, and add one-half pound of chopped salt pork. Add one-half teaspoonful of pepper and one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard. Make about two and one-half cups of biscuit dough. Roll the dough out until it is about one-half inch thick. Cut the dough into rounds about four inches across. With the chopped meat, and the rounds of dough, make small dumplings, pinching the dough together in a ball shape, the meat being inside. Put the balls or "chertips" in a baking pan that has been buttered. Bake about a half hour in a moderate oven. When done, put on a hot platter and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Bedroom Furniture. White enamel, if the models are simple and well made, is very satisfactory for light and dainty color schemes, and the prices are very reasonable. Bird's-eye maple comes next in price and is very attractive with certain colors, such as old rose, suede green and light blue. One can frequently find the same models in it as in the mahogany.

It is necessary to consider the wood and the coloring very carefully in selecting furniture, but it is even more important to select simple graceful models, and to see that they are well made.—Harper's Bazar.

Macaroni Italian Style. Put three-fourths of a pound of macaroni without breaking into boiling salted water and cook 20 minutes, or until done. Drain and put into a saucepan with one gill each tomato and Mordina sauces and a quarter pound grated Parmesan cheese. Season with nutmeg and pepper to taste and cook slowly for ten minutes, tossing frequently. Arrange on a hot dish and serve with grated cheese separately.

Milk Blauit. Put into a saucepan one-half cup milk and a tablespoonful butter, and set on the stove to warm. Sift together half a pound of flour and a teaspoonful baking powder, and pour into it the hot milk. Mix into a smooth, stiff paste, then with a floured rolling pin, roll into as thin a sheet as possible. Cut into small rounds and bake about 20 minutes in a very hot oven.

Wine Jelly. Soak one-half box of gelatine in one gill of cold water two hours. Add one pint of boiling water and three-quarters of a cup of sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add the juice of one lemon and a wineglassful of port or sherry. Strain and pour into a mold.

Oatmeal Gems. Put two cups rolled oats in dish, add one and one-half cups sour milk, let soak over night. In the morning add small piece of butter, one-third cup sugar, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful soda, little salt, one cup flour; bake in gem pan.

Feather Beds. Never place feather beds or pillows in the sun, for the sun, acting on the oil in the feathers, is apt to give them a rancid smell. The right plan is to turn the beds and pillows on a dry, shady day, in a shady place out of doors.

ALL IN MARCHING ORDER.

Manhattan People with Rugs on Their Floors Are Ever Ready to Move.

"Carpets are going out very rapidly," said a large dealer, according to the Sun. "In fact, they have been going out of use in New York for several years and may be said to be almost a thing of the past."

"We used to see ten times as many yards of carpets as rugs. The figures are now reversed. Of course, we still sell carpets, but they are not made up to fit rooms. The carpets of today are made up in squares or rectangles to cover parts of rooms. Around these big patches of floor covering rugs are arranged so as to cover the remainder of the floor."

"For the most part, buyers confine themselves to rugs. There is great artistic convenience in this method; but it isn't the artistic possibilities presented by rugs that have caused them to crowd out carpets."

"Comparatively few people in Manhattan live in their own houses, and few expect to occupy the same quarters for any considerable time. The moving germ is abroad, and though a family may stay for years in one flat they want to be ready always to move out when the lease expires, the janitor becomes offensive or the landlord raises the rent. To have carpets cut to fit the rooms and nailed down would be a waste of time and money."

"Landlords have taken the rug habit into account, too, and nearly everywhere you find floors prepared for rugs. In the cheaper flats they are stained and varnished and in the better ones they are hard-wood or are polished and oiled."

"We sell ten old-time carpets in Brooklyn to one in Manhattan, because over there people are more stable; besides, there are many small houses in Brooklyn that belong to their occupants."

HORSE WAS OBSERVANT.

Remarkable Sagacity of an Ordinary Farm Animal Described by Owner.

Another champion of the reasoning power of animals has come forward with a special instance. A retired farmer living in Kansas City says that he once had a farm horse that undoubtedly possessed reasoning faculties. "This horse," he says, "was once injured by barbed wire, and he had a wholesome dread of barb wire ever after. He could not be induced to step across wire lying on the ground. One day, when this horse was grazing in the pasture, I started with another team to water them at a pond. To reach this pond I went through a gate into a field and on through the field, going out on the other side by crossing the fence wires lowered to the ground and fastened. The horse in the pasture, seeing that I was driving the team to water followed until he came to the place where I crossed the wires. He refused to do it and went back and around the field."

"The next day he followed the team again going to water, having forgotten about the wires that lay in the way. While down in a hollow out of sight of the fence in either direction the sagittative horse suddenly remembered that those wires were probably lying in the same position they were the day before. Tossing up his head with a disgruntled snort, he turned and trudged back around the field. That was a case of reason. From cold facts and propositions retained in his memory and not excited by any new perceptions, he reflectively reasoned out that he'd have to make a detour sooner or later and he might as well start now."

PONKAPOG PLANTATION.

Six Thousand Acres of New England Soil Granted Indians in 1657.

Ponkapog, the unpromising, and Canton, the town corporate, are embracing bits of historic soil. Moreover, to such as love to trace the beginnings of things, Blue Hills—the old Chelet Hills of John Smith's "Journals"—will furnish a creditable list of civil and industrial benefactions which had their origin in this locality, says the New England Magazine. While the white men were making themselves homes and becoming landed proprietors in this section, so richly endowed by nature, the Indians were crowding into more restricted quarters. At his juncture "there came one preaching in the wilderness" to them—that wonderful man, the apostle Eliot. The Indian plantation at Ponkapog, "not exceeding 6,000 acres," was granted in 1637, and became "the Second Praying Town." These converts of the forest not only hunted, fished, helped the early settlers build their houses and gather their crops, but the more ambitious learned to prepare shingles and clapboards for the Boston market.

Huckle for Sausages. A Cherokee country (Kan.) farmer, raises corn husks for hot tamales. Twenty bunches make a gunny sack full, worth about \$3. The best husks are selected and bleached to a white color by a new process. Packing-houses are also using corn husks for making sausages.

Why Couldn't She Keep Them? Mrs. Nagget—Well, I guess I have a perfect right to my opinions. Mr. Nagget—Certainly you have, my dear. And if you only kept them to yourself no one would ever question that right.—Stray Stories.

Strong Language Used by Pastor. Rev. Charles W. Savidge, founder and pastor of the People's church, in Omaha, is one man who daily lives and talks his profession of saving souls, and he is so decidedly simple and frank in his ministrations—because they have become his chief end in life—that he infrequently lets slip a fine bit of humor in his serious work of trying to make others feel bright and happy without realizing it.

A few days ago Dr. Savidge passed one of the numerous Salvation Army young women who are collecting alms in the pots at various downtown street corners.

"Miss," said the preacher, with a smile on his face, "it's mighty cold standing here, isn't it? But have you thought that it beats hell a long ways?"

QUEER SIDE OF JAPAN.

Odd Faith Exhibited in the Mikado's Domains.

In Japan the lower drama of life not only make war and supply meat, but evince other peculiarities that render them invaluable concomitants of civilization. A few days ago a number of people were seen gazing intently toward the upper limits of a large pine tree. Stopping to learn the secret of this unusual interest, a man was observed descending the tree, while a crow was furiously cawing and beating about his head; then it was seen that the trespasser had possessed himself of one of her brood, an impressive little chick that no one could be imagined to fancy for a pet. Asked what he intended doing with the young crow, he replied that it made excellent medicine for the blood. "Chi-no-michi-no kusuri," to use his exact words. To insure the efficacy of the medicine, he explained, the bird must be taken before it leaves the nest, if possible, or if it has left the nest, before it gets to where it can drink water; for, he asserted, if it has of itself taken water, it loses all virtue as a blood-cure. The process of preparing the remedy is, first, to kill the crow and, without cleaning it, to encase the body in an all-right covering of cement or clay. The mould is then baked for two or three days in a hot fire. When the clay crust is removed, naturally the crow will be found to be black, a lump of pure charcoal. This is pulverized and converted into pills of the "pink" order, which are very popular here as a blood regulator. He reminded his interlocutors that the medicine was very rare because of the difficulty of finding a crow that had not taken water. The man was perfectly sincere, and appeared extremely proud of his success in having secured the bird. He was reluctant to leave the tree lest there should be another one on the ground somewhere.

Those who, since the brilliant achievements of the Japanese Red Cross Society in the late war, are accustomed to take for granted the advance of medical science in this country, will, of course, bear in mind that the practitioner under consideration had not at this time acquired membership in any legally recognized therapeutic fraternity; but probably his nostrum was quite as effective as much of the medicine that is sold to a large constituency at a higher price in other portions of the globe.—Harper's Weekly.

Paved with Good Intentions. A diplomat was talking in Washington about the late Auberon Herbert, son of the earl of Carnarvon.

"He was connected with the British embassy here," said the diplomat, "but after he turned Utopian he would have naught to do with diplomacy. Why, he once addressed a crowd in New York like this: "The mad, blind struggle for the dollar, with no thought for the higher life, is ruining your country. The hearts of your men are like the rocks that underlie your great city. It is a great city of hard hearts."

"Mr. Herbert was always original. I once heard him address a New Year's banquet of clergymen. 'I'll try and repeat the address in his own words. It ran: "Meeting this morning the gentleman called Mephisto or Beelzebub, I greeted him politely and said: "How are things down your way?" "He grinned and shook his head. He pointed to the mud on his hoof and tail."

"We are in a deuce of a mess down there," he said. "This is the season, you know, when our pavements are being laid."

How the Sexton Foretold the Weather. When anybody asks Abe Hicks, sexton of the Bushby orthodox meeting house, what he thinks about the probabilities for fair weather, Mr. Hicks gives his opinion with the air of one having authority.

"When I took my old bell rope in hand last night to ring her for the Christian Endeavorers," Mr. Hicks will say on occasion, "she squunched up dry as an old bone. You no need to carry your umbrellas to-day, unless you want 'em for looks."

But there are other times when Mr. Hicks shakes his head at the hopeful leaders of a picnic party.

"Better plan to stay nigh shelter to-day so's you can get under cover," he says firmly. "There wa'n't a mite o' give to my old bell rope till yesterday, but last night she's most as 'n't as a sponge. All kind o' stringy an' spody. I tell ye, I should put off that enterprise o' yours till next week. The roads'll be prime after the two days rain that's coming to us."—Youth's Companion.

Travelers Far Without Money. Rev. Pio Mayer, superior general of the Carmelite order, who is on a 40,000-mile tour of inspection which will take him through the United States, Canada, all of South America, Spain and Holland, has arrived in New York. He is traveling without money, according to the rule of the order, and his baggage consists of a small handbag.

WORK OF GREAT ARTIST.

Iron Door Knockers of Rare Beauty Brought to England from Genoa, Italy.

This beautiful door knocker is of Genoese origin, and was brought not long ago in Genoa by Mr. R. Napier Miles to adorn the door of his beautiful house at King's Weston, near Bristol, England. The design has that combination of boldness and finish which marks the very best period of Italian metal-work. Notice the delicate tracery of the wings of the queer bat-devil in the center of the design, the grace of the curve formed by the



two backward-bending bodies of the figures that form the ring, and the general balance and proportion of the whole; while the vigor of the grotesques at top and bottom, the simplicity of the general plan, and the impression of weight and solidity it conveys are no less deserving of admiration. Clearly it belongs to a period—early sixteenth century, I should say—when the medieval naïveté and strength had been toned and raffined—not yet emasculated by classic influence.—Country Life.

HAS AN ODD HISTORY.

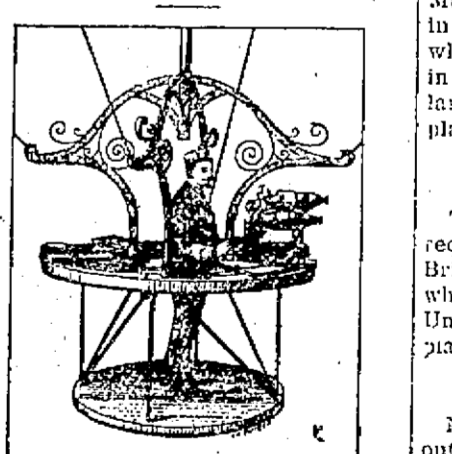
Picture of Oldtime Sailing Vessel, Painted by Chinese Artist Many Years Ago.

The Misses Vernon have a picture of a great sailing vessel with bulging wind-filled sails in their home at New York, of which they are very proud. It is a sailing vessel that was owned by their great uncle, Commodore Perry. The picture was painted by a Chinese artist.

That particular sailing vessel and several owned by an uncle of Set Low, were among the fastest merchant ships on the seas about 50 years ago. They brought silks from China and Japan. During the civil war many of these clipper ships were captured and burned, with them this ship of which they have the picture.

In China things are remembered longer than they are in this country, where events have a way of moving with much more rapidity. These splendid clipper ships were much admired by the old Chinese merchants. They still remember them. One of the old merchants had an artist paint this ship for him, and when the Vernons girls were in China they came across him somehow. When they told him who they were he at once gave them the picture of their great uncle's ship and told them all about it and him.

MICROBES IN VARIOUS INKS.



A celebrated German specialist has recently been experimenting with ink to find which color gathers the least amount of microbes. They develop more rapidly in red than in black, violet or blue.

Cheese Diet for the Stout. The new treatment for bringing stout people to slim, elegant and comfortable proportions consists in the first place in eating all manner of cheeses, to the exclusion of all other foods, save non-fattening biscuits, fruit and a limited quantity of meat once a day. You may breakfast on cream cheese, lunch on Gorgonzola and Camembert, take Cheddar sandwiches for tea, and a light supper of Stilton and Brie; but at dinner you must have only a "soupcon" of meat and nothing rich.

Hardest of Hard Luck. "Some men," said Uncle Eben, "complain about 'hard luck,' when all that's to blame is their own foolishness. But, after all, dar ain't no harder luck dan bein' born foolish."

Uncle Eben's Wisdom. "Lots o' people gives good advice," said Uncle Eben. "It's allus easier to prescribe medicine dan it is to take it."

Knocking. Opportunity may never knock but once, but others will do enough to make up for it.

Comforting Thought. If the poor cannot always get meat, the rich man cannot always digest it.—Giles.

Bear in a Gunless Town.

While every man in the village who owned a gun was out hunting yesterday, a large black bear came down the mountain from the rear of Elk Grove and calmly sauntered down the one street of the town. Several men with teams, but without guns, were compelled to turn aside to let the bear pass.—Bloomburg correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Heroines Who Wear 'Well.

The up-to-date heroine may tear her soul to shreds and tatters, may suffer agony from an uneasy conscience, be plunged into the depths of poverty and distress, or indulge in a career of dissipation that would ruin the constitution of a Hercules, but she still retains her beauty and her grace, and at 30 or 40 outshines sweet-and-twenty.—Book Monthly.

Speed of Cloud Travel.

A member of the staff of the Blue Hill observatory, near Boston, has reported that observations made there show that the average speed with which clouds between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high move is 60 miles an hour in midsummer and 110 miles an hour in midwinter. The swiftest flight of a cloud yet measured was 230 miles an hour.

Family Professions.

A characteristic illustration of the habit of the Japanese of following the professions of their fathers was recently afforded by an advertisement in a Japanese newspaper. A famous dancing master announced a religious celebration of the 1,000th anniversary of the death of his ancestor, who had been the first in his family to take up the teaching of dancing.

A New Hobby.

The ingenuity of collectors in the discovery of new fields having been exhausted, there is still open to them that of collecting the finest specimen of forged or spurious works of art, and this is capable of becoming a hobby scarcely less interesting or admirable than the pursuit of the genuine article.—Art Journal.

Horseshoe Superstition.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century a writer mentions that most of the houses in the west end of London were protected against witches by horseshoes nailed in them. As late as 1813 there were 17 horseshoes nailed up in one London street, but in 1841 only five remained.

Poetic Idea of Indians.

Possibly the most beautiful of burial customs known among aboriginal people was that which prevailed among the Iroquois Indians, of freeing a captive bird over the grave of the dead on the night of burial to carry the soul of the departed to the Spirit Land.

Newfoundland Well Watered.

Newfoundland is a land of lakes. So numerous are they that it is estimated they cover about one-third of the total area of the island. There are 687 named lakes, and 30,000 known ones without names. The island has also about 4,000 miles of sea coast.

Puzzle for Korean Seers.

A good deal of curiosity was aroused a few days ago near the office of the Chosen Shimo by the birth of a kitten with two heads and three eyes. The Koreans, who are very superstitious, are wondering what this portends.—Korea Daily News.

Flower is a Freak.

At Stonington, Conn., Dr. C. O. Maine has a curiosity in his hothouse in the shape of night-blooming cereus, which, instead of opening its blossoms in the evening, according to the regular custom, takes the daylight to display its flowers.

Weddings Far Between.

The first bride for 44 years is a record, isn't it? It happened in West Bridgewater, near Boston, recently, when the first church wedding in the Unitarian church since 1862 took place.

Improving the Zoo. New York authorities are carrying out a scheme for giving each class of animals a scenic background reminiscent of its native habitat. So, by and by, the zoo will be not only a menagerie, but an art gallery.

"Lake Dwellings." "Lake dwellings" mean dwellings built on supports over the water of a lake. The name was first

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD—

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 5.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday *9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m.

For Old Orchard—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.50, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.30 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.00 a. m., 12.48, *3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.05 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 3.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 5.23 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.20, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.30 a. m., 12.48, 5.23 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.59 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave:

Concord—7.46, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 6.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*V. Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Ticket Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.

C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

Actual Increase 2,455,581 for twelve months ending Dec. 31st. B.G. This is the record of the

7-20-4

10c Cigar

Thirty-two years New England's favorite.

R. G. SULLIVAN Mfr

Manchester, N. H.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Elliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Elliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Elliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Elliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Elliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 2.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Elliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. McLEON, Gen. Mgr.
Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. F. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.

Approved: W. W. MRAID,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant

S. G. LONDRES

10 Cent Cigar

Has No Equal.

S. GRYZMISH,

MANUFACTURER

Cemetery Lots

CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

With increased facilities, the undersigned is prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the grading and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of weeds and rubbish from the cemetery lots. He will also be glad to receive orders for the sale of lots in the city at short notice.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton 6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Ilye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7.50 a. m., 8.45 a. m., 10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance. Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward

Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 7.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m., and 10.40 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m. and 11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to cars only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m. and 11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 10 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.39, 11.39 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.53, 11.19 a. m., 2.25 and 5.13 p. m. Trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.23 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 11.55 a. m., 1.00 p. m., 2.40, 3.40, 4.40, 5.40, 6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 9.40, 10.40, 11.40 p. m. Car leaving North Hampton, 4.32 p. m. connects at Little Boars Head for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7, 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m., 1.50, 2.10, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays

Leave Little Boars Head at 8.50 a. m., and hourly until 9.50 p. m.

Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.03 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boars Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Holidays.

Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.

xxSaturdays only.

xxMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone, 233.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Supt

C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45, 4.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, *11.45 p. m.

Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 1.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m. Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratford only.

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the manufacture of Granite and Marble Monuments in the city of Dover, and have been in business for ten years. We have a large stock of granite and marble monuments, and are prepared to take orders for the same. We will also be glad to receive orders for the sale of lots in the city at short notice.

FRED C. SMALLLEY,

Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lester,

NO. 2 WATER STREET.

LADY OF THE WHEEL

BY JOHN WICKLIFFE GRAY.

"I think I'd be sensitive on the subject," Victor settled himself more comfortably against the tree trunk as he spoke.

"Yes, most men would," returned his companion, Walter Harvey. "But Jimmy Harrington has always been the same. I knew him at college, and even as a freshman he was too busy engaged in doing nothing to take umbrage at railway. His rule of life seems to be the philosophy of ease. All well enough, I suppose, when one's uncle is accommodating enough to die and leave a pile behind for the nephew."

"Wonder if his indifference comes from a disappointment in love," said Victor.

"No, strange to say, Jimmy never had but one love affair to my knowledge. And that was the only time I ever knew him to come out of his shell and take some interest in sport. Can you imagine Jimmy riding a bicycle, playing golf and doing the athletics all round?" laughed Harvey.

"No, the transformation would be too complete. Why, I tried to get him off the hotel veranda for a walk down here with us and his answer was: 'Too much trouble.'"

"But what about the love affair?" Victor asked.

"It was here last season," answered his companion, leaning back on the long grass, his head resting on his open hand. "Everybody was as much surprised as you would be now to see Jimmy using a pair of boxing gloves. Being the richest eligible young man at the resort, he naturally held a conspicuous place in the public eye, as he holds this year, and does wherever he goes. After all, there's something attractive in that big, massive body of his. He has wit, too, when he's not too lazy to make use of it. He reads a lot; dabbles principally in mental science and the occult. I think. He never parades his knowledge, but if you surprise him out of his eccentric laziness, you'll find it's only skin deep, with a big heart and a broad mind underneath. I've always been rather fond of him, and hope to see the development of last season's little romance."

"There was a charming rosy-cheeked girl in the case, of course. From the first Jimmy was her devoted slave. He dropped his laziness like a mantle and became before the end of the season one of the best golf players on the links and a tennis fiend. A case of 'Love me, love my wheel,' of course. And since that girl rode a wheel, Jimmy sent back home for his. In less than a week some one had dubbed them the 'Cycling Knight' and the 'Lady of the Wheel.' And the name and its cause lasted through the entire season. Every day except when it rained, Jimmy and the girl were out on the pike. Sometimes it was before breakfast, when the birds were hardly awake, and then it would be a luncheon in the woods, Jimmy carrying the basket in a pouch on his handbars. And time after time I have watched them come back to the hotel in the dusk, when the whippewills were flying. It was a pretty little romance, and the spicing of it was like smudging one of the old masters."

"Nobody knew exactly what was the cause of the trouble. But one day I saw them riding home, Jimmy following two lengths behind the girl, his face hard and set, an exaggerated reproduction of what he looks like to-day. Strained relations were patent to everybody who knew them."

"Well, to make a long story short, Jimmy took the north-bound train that night, went straight to New York. I had not seen him for a year, until I dropped down here last week. He went to Europe, I believe, say by the way, did you notice that Jimmy brought a bicycle with him? Had one of the hall-boys cleaning it for him the other day."

"Yes, I noticed, but I haven't seen him riding a single time."

"Nor will you, if my judgment is correct. Carries it around with him for sentimental considerations, I suppose. He begged that bicycle all over Europe with him, I heard, never riding it."

"I wonder—"

"What?"

"I saw a lady's wheel being carted over from the station this morning. I was thinking—"

The same evening at dinner, when the first course was just over, Harvey gave Victor a nudge with his elbow, and whispered:

"Look over in the corner—those two women who've just come in. That's the 'Lady of the Wheel.' The other is the same duenna she had last year. I wonder—"

And a look of understanding passed between the two friends.

The morning was half over and the chums were considering the advisability of retracing their steps to reach the hotel to be in time for lunch. It was a two-mile walk.

Suddenly from the rear came the warning tinkle of a bicycle bell. They stepped to the side of the road, giving free passage to a man and a woman, mounted on bicycles that sparkled in the warm sunlight.

"Barrington, by Jove! And the 'Lady of the Wheel,' exclaimed Victor, as they simultaneously raised their hats.

From the handlebars of Barrington's machine hung a metal link pouch. In it was a little Japanese basket.

"The 'Cycling Knight' is an athlete again," said Harvey.

"Yes—'Love me, love my wheel,'" Victor returned. "I own I'm half envious. Let's telegraph for our wheels. We can—"

"Organize a search for companions?" "Yes—the sauce that makes cycling palatable always."

And with a glance at the retreating riders, they turned toward the hotel.

A MISPLACED RECORD

BY FRANK B. WELCH.

One of the best jokes that ever threw a country community into a protracted fit of merriment was abroad in Morseville. The drug store "Harmon-Calcib" got hold of it, and from that to the limits was a short holler. Even the white-bearded checker champions looked up from their game to listen to the "good one" on Jane Ann Hawkins.

An agent for a phonograph concern in one of the big cities had spent a day in the village trying to sell his mechanical talkers. Among those upon whom he had endeavored to impress the desirability of his machine was Abram Hawkins, a retired agriculturist, whose wife, Jane Ann, had the well-earned reputation of being the wearer of the masculine nether garments in the Hawkins household.

On the occasion of the phonograph agent's call he was making good headway with Abram, when Jane Ann, whose cheese-paring notions of economy kept her in the tallow-dip class, cut in and cut up the ill-but-closed contract with her rough-shod veto on such "runcous extravagance." "Abram!" cried she, with explosive suddenness, and vehement emphasis, "what in th' name of common sense and reason do you want with one of them fool things?"

A body'd think you was made of money, to hear you talk of buyin' an outlandish contraption like that. My land! here we air poor as Lazarus, and you want to fritter away your hard-earned dollars on a fol-de-rol jinn-rack of a thing that's enough to raise goose flesh on a soap kittle, let alone a human being!"

The entertaining agent had given them a choice assortment of popular songs, funny speeches and instrumental pieces on the machine, and had gone so far as to put on a fresh "record" and receiving apparatus for the purpose of illustrating the value of the invention as a preserver and perpetuator of family associations. Everything was "all set" when Jane Ann cut in, and the "receiver" of the machine made faithful record of her raucous remonstrance against runcous extravagance. It was a clear case of no sale, and the agent, outwardly polite, inwardly disgusted, made a hurried, yet graceful retreat, muttering to himself as he departed: "Poor man, you don't need a talking machine."

A few doors away the agent met with better success, quickly disposing of a machine and a full set of "records."

Soon thereafter a social and literary entertainment was given at the church, of which the Hawkins and most of their near neighbors were members, including the family among whose proud and most widely advertised possessions was the recently purchased phonograph. There was a varied but somewhat dry programme for the first part, but a promised treat was in store for the goodly assemblage, to be brought on as a sort of cap-sheaf to the entertainment. At the proper moment "Songs and speeches by the phonograph," was announced. The buzz and stir that ensued evinced the general joy at the prospect of "something new." The proud possessor of the only phonograph in town advanced to the platform and placed the machine in position.

The first production was a comic song in the voice of a professional purveyor of popular pieces. It was uproariously received, the novelty of the thing capturing the audience completely. Next the brazen melody of a brass band celebrated the unaccustomed ears of the wondering people. A dozen "records" were run off, with ever-increasing excitement and applause, when the operator announced that he had come upon an unlabeled "record" in the box containing the outfit. He said he would put it on, and they might all hear something that he himself had not yet heard. The machine gave forth its short, preliminary buzz and sputter and immediately the audience was startled with these words in the shrill, jerky accents of a well-known voice:

"Abram; what in th' name of common sense and reason do you want with one of them fool things? A body'd think you was made of money, to hear you talk of buyin' an outlandish contraption like that. My land! here we air poor as Lazarus, and you want to fritter away your hard-earned dollars on a fol-de-rol jinn-rack of a thing that's enough to raise goose flesh on a soap kittle, let alone a human being!"

The scene that followed was one that beggared description. All eyes were instantly turned upon the Hawkins cent. Jane Ann sat bolt upright, face pale, lips compressed, eyes gleaming. Abram, back towards her, was trying to get his hat in his mouth to prevent an explosion. The effort was too much, and he leaned forward with his face between his hands and shook with suppressed laughter. In the midst of the merriment Jane Ann rose up and descended upon the offending machine.

"I want that miserable thing this minute!" demanded she, in her sharpest tone. "Give it to me; I'll pay for it, but I want it, and I'm going to have it! If I ever catch that agent in this town again I'll scald his hair off!"

It may have been a retaliatory move on the part of the phonograph agent, or a mistake, the people were divided in their belief on that point, but in the opinion of Mrs. Hawkins it was a fixed certainty that it was "quite work."

As a result, much gratifying and comforting to Abraham Hawkins and surprising to the neighbors, Jane Ann thenceforth softened her voice and smoothed her manner, and as was remarked by a facetious wag of the village, "gave the goose flesh a chance to settle on Abe."

The mischievous "record" spouted out its condemning existence in the kitchen stove and became a forbidden subject of mention in the Hawkins household. — Farmer's Review.

HIS LOVE REWARDED

BY CHARLES MALCOLM.

"No, sir!" That was what she said. I rose up, trying desperately to appear unconcerned and careless. Pooh! It was of no use! Marjory Cheswick saw through me, as if I had been a pair of spectacles. She knew that I would have sold myself for a postage stamp just at that moment, and considered it a bargain. I got out of the room somehow, not in the most graceful style, I am afraid—and went home to ruminate on my dismissal.

"If Marjory Cheswick had not been an heiress!" That was the cry of my bruised heart during all the weary days and weeks that followed. Somehow I could not divest myself of the idea that Marjory had confounded me with the herd of fortune-hunters that had always surrounded her. There was no help for it now, however. Ah, no help for it!

"Charley's going thin—I hope he isn't going into a decline," said my mother, dubiously, shaking her head. "Charley only needs a little change," remarked my father. "What do you say to a run on the continent, my boy, eh?"

"Indeed, dad, I don't need any relaxation. I would rather remain quietly at home."

My father looked at me keenly. He was a man who never changed his mind; and the upshot of the matter was that on the continent I went. Once away from home, I extended my route of travel considerably, and two years cropst away almost before I knew it. I had not forgotten Marjory Cheswick, and the silver "No, sir!" was as plainly imprinted on my memory as if it had been spoken yesterday.

"Cheswick! Cheswick!" People had almost forgotten the very name in the fashionable circle whose star Marjory had once been, when I returned to my native land.

I was strolling one evening through one of the principal streets out of the city, when I paused a moment at a brilliantly lighted corner, where three golden balls hung over my head. There was a dead-lock among cart wheels and screaming drivers, and I mechanically turned to look at the display in the pawnbroker's window.

Surely I could not be mistaken! I rubbed the raindrops off my eyelashes, and looked again. No—I was not mistaken.

There, among battered violins, paste diamonds, and all the incongruous medley that collects in such places, hung a green-plumed catary, straining his small throat in a panga of tarnished gilt wire! Marjory Cheswick's pet bird! I should have known it among all the feathered denizens of the Canary Islands! But how on earth came it there?

I hastily stepped into the shop and confronted the man behind the counter.

"That cage? It's been here these six months. Redeemed—no, of course not. Fourteen shillings lent on that cage—'tain't that sort of person redeems things. Can't tell, I'm sure, who left it here."

HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
FEBRUARY 26

SUN RISES.....5:26; MOON SETS.....10:42 A. M.
SUN SETS.....6:51; FULL MOON.....10:30 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY 11:25

Full Moon, Feb. 26th, 11:25 a. m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, March 10th, 11:25 a. m., morning, E.
New Moon, March 14th, 11:25 a. m., morning, E.
First Quarter, March 21st, 11:25 a. m., evening, W.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

THE HERALD'S thermometer registered fourteen degrees above zero at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

What will the tax rate be?
March will make its bow on Friday.
The legislators have begun another week.
The snow shoveler has had a busy winter.
March will be a notable month at Music Hall.
Harmony hardly seems to rule in state politics.
The horsemen of this city seem to be a little slow.
The weather man ought to be good to us from now on.
It has been a very bad winter for the coastwise trade.
Every variety of winter sport has been enjoyed this year.
Portsmouth will have a probate court session next week.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.
The annual report of the board of instruction has been issued.
There will probably be little more local legislation at Concord.
Congress might have treated Portsmouth navy yard more kindly.
The Y. M. C. A. athletes will fight it out on Thursday evening.
The electric railroad snow plows have seen much service this month.
Business at the hotels has seldom been better in winter than this year.
The Sunday men's meetings in the Y. M. C. A. rooms have been largely attended.
Now is the time to cut off brown-fall moth nests, but be sure to buy your cutter of A. P. Wendell and Co.
February has made a record for itself in the matter of wintry weather.
Don't forget Canton Senter's Social Dance this evening, in I. O. O. F. hall. Gents' tickets 25 cts. Ladies free.

The election of the members of the new board of assessors will be awaited with interest.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood, with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Purifiers strengthen stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.

WATER BILL

Was Basis of Insolvency Proceedings
Against Breeders' Club

The insolvency proceedings in the county probate court on Monday against the New England Breeders' Club were based on a bill of \$500 for water service for three months, held by the water commissioners of Boston.

There is much personal property at the Salem race track, including horses and harnesses.

MET WITH ACCIDENT

George A. Trafton Received a Painful Injury

George A. Trafton, the Market street blacksmith, suffered a painful injury this forenoon.

In some manner, the thumb of his left hand was caught beneath a steam trip hammer and crushed. The accident will keep Mr. Trafton from his work for at least a month.

FACTORY FULLY EQUIPPED

The New England Paper Goods Company is now fully equipped for the manufacture of paper boxes of all kinds at its factory on Hanover street. New machinery has been installed and the work will be in charge of a competent man of long experience.

HIGH SCHOOL GAMES

Schedule Of Local Team
For Coming SeasonA NEW TEAM, NEWBURYPORT,
TAKEN ON

Manager McCarthy of the Portsmouth High School baseball team has completed his schedule for the coming season. It is probable that there will be a few practice games with the teams of Hampton and Traip academies and York High School, but these are not regarded as part of the regular schedule.

A new team taken on this year is Newburyport High School, with which two games will be played. All the other teams included in the schedule are old rivals of Portsmouth High.

Farmington High School is not this year a member of the Southeastern New Hampshire League. A team made up in part of Farmington High School players has arranged for games with other teams in the league, but they will have no hearing on the league standing. Portsmouth High had no open dates to give the Farmington team.

Nearly all the men who played last year will be available for the Portsmouth team this year and it is practically certain that the team of 1907 will be the strongest that has represented the school in years. Capt. Fredrick will soon issue a call for battery candidates to report for indoor practice and all the candidates will be called out as soon as the weather conditions permit.

Following is the schedule in full:
April 18, Fast day, Rochester High School at Rochester.

April 20, Dover High School at Portsmouth.

April 27, Berwick Academy at South Berwick.

May 4, Sanborn Seminary at Kings-ton.

May 11, Newburyport High School at Portsmouth.

May 18, Somersworth High School at Somersworth.

May 25, Rochester High School at Portsmouth.

May 30, Memorial day, Newburyport High School at Newburyport.

June 1, Sanborn Seminary at Portsmouth.

June 5, Berwick Academy at Portsmouth.

June 8, Dover High School at Dover.

June 15, Somersworth High School at Portsmouth.

GAVE A RECEPTION

Golden Rule Circle Of King's Daughters
Entertained

There was a very pleasant reception on Monday evening in the chapel of the Middle Street Baptist Church, given by Golden Rule Circle of King's Daughters of that church to the Massachusetts Circle of the North Church.

The reception was entirely informal but it was on that account all the more enjoyable and the attendance was very large, considering the bad weather.

The chapel was made very attractive by handsome rugs and sofa pillows.

There was a discussion of plans for the joint entertainment of the state convention of King's Daughters, which will be held in this city early next autumn.

A collation was served, the tables being adorned with jonquills, carnations and beautiful china and silverware.

PEVERLY SPRINGS WATER

Now Being Used for Boston and Maine Locomotives

The locomotives of the Boston and Maine railroad are now taking the Peverly Springs water from the new tank recently built at the roundhouse.

The water is taken from the Dover street reservoir and the tank is supplied by a pump in operation at the roundhouse.

As soon as the weather permits a pipe will be laid from the roundhouse to the station and the water will be sent to a standpipe there.

WILL TAKE PART

Local Hibernians to Join in Manchester Celebration

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of this city arranged at a meeting on

E-M-E-R-S-O-N

When correctly pronounced spells
PIANO SATISFACTION
PIANO ARTISTRY
PIANO DURABILITY
PIANO ECONOMY

The time test is the only true test. Ask the man who owns an EMERSON PIANO.

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

Sunday to take part in the state celebration of that order in Manchester on March 16, the regular day for such celebrations falling on Sunday.

The Portsmouth Fraternity will go from here in a special train at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and will be accompanied by one of the local bands.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The department will evidently not hurry about floating the U. S. S. Newport in the dry dock.

The ice in the river is giving the lowboat crews much trouble in landing at the yard and on the Portsmouth side of the river. It is only by the exercise of much care that they manage to get through the floating cakes on their way to and from work.

The workmen would like no better news than to hear that one of the battleships, soon to be overhauled, was to come to this yard for the work.

G. M. Haynes, draftsman in the department of yards and docks, has been transferred to the construction and repair department and will report in the latter department tomorrow.

The mechanics and laborers were paid today.

A recent inspection of the boilers of the U. S. S. Austria showed that the steam generators have seen twenty-four years of service, a long period on board a ship. At present, it looks as if they were doing their last service for the navy department.

Nothing so far has been heard of the result of the recent examination for the position of foreman laborer and head teamster.

Several of the workmen are obliged to be away from duty, being victims of the grip.

The U. S. S. Austria has two pot seats brought from the West Indies. The animals are not taking kindly to the weather they have experienced since the ship arrived here from the warm climate.

Private Hunter, on duty at the telephone exchange and who is a member of the Franklin Pierce Veteran Fireman's Association of Portsmouth, has made good as a vocalist and his original compositions rendered at the social last week surprised several musical men who were present. He is not only a good singer, but a hustling fireman, having made his reputation long before coming here on the famous old handcar, Uncle Sam of Manchester.

OBITUARY

Robert Bell

The older inhabitants of this city will learn with sorrow of the death of Robert Bell, who passed away at Brentwood on Monday evening, aged about sixty-eight years. He was for years a familiar figure on the streets of Portsmouth and was known for his interest in fast and fancy horses.

Just before the Civil War, he enlisted in the regular army and during the war was in many battles as a member of the second United States cavalry.

After the war he came back to Portsmouth and later followed the sea as a whaler. While in this service, he was injured by a fall on board a ship and after the injury he came back to this city for the second time. He then embarked in the job tanning business, but after a few years gave it up and entered the employ of the Portsmouth Aqueduct Company. He was for many years engineer at the old Fountain Head pumping station.

For the past ten years he had been in charge of the stables at the county farm. No relatives are known to be living. He will be buried in this city.

CORRECTS DR. FULLER

"Spectator" Thinks That He Detects a Few Errors

To the Editor of The Herald:—Dr. Fuller's interesting history of the second New Hampshire regiment, published in your columns, was quite graphic, but in some points, according to my recollection, quite inaccurate.

After the reorganization, from a three months to a three years enlistment, Col. Thomas Pierce was for a time in command, but his resignation was not immediately followed by the appointment of Col. Marston. I feel very sure that for a few weeks Col. George Stark was in command, followed by Col. Marston.

The Doctor's account of his zeal for the health of his men reads beautifully, but it seems to me that the duties of quartermaster did not call for his activities in that department. Naturally, the surgeon of the regiment and his assistants would feel that duty to be in their department. Besides, the men did not cook their own food while in camp, as the feeding of the men was let by contract to Col. William S. Hadley and I distinctly recollect the appetizing flavor of the baked beans and brown bread which I sampled on one occasion.

I will not say that Quartermaster Fuller was not still holding his commission and accompanied the regiment to Eastern, but feel quite sure that Lieut. Godfrey was quartermaster at that time. Col. Marston was on the cars with his command, but may have turned the direct control of the regiment over to Lieut. Col. Fish during the march through the streets of Boston.

Most of the drilling of the regiment was in a large field on the south side of South street, where the state gun house stood, while the barracks were in the ropewalk. Regimental headquarters were in a two-story dwelling near South street, in Johnson's court. SPECTATOR.

PERSONALS

Hon. Calvin Page left for Arizona today.

Mrs. J. D. Boyd is confined to her residence by the grip.

Miss Ella B. Smith went to Boston on business today.

Mrs. Arthur Thurlay of Hanover street is in Boston today.

Julius Singer of Alaska is registered at The Rockingham.

P. A. Hartford of Manchester is visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. Charles A. Hazlett has been ill for the past week with the grip.

James O. Pike, employed at Portsmouth navy yard, has returned from a visit to his home in Newfields.

Joseph W. Wala of the Frank Jones Brewing Company is confined to his home by an attack of rheumatism.

W. S. Lord of the New England Paper Goods Company is absent from the city on business for his firm.

Miss Minnie Costello, who has been the guest of Miss Julia Long of State street, has returned to her home in Boston.

City Collector Guy E. Corey has returned from New York, where he attended the Dartmouth Sphinx Society banquet.

Attorney John W. Kelley was in Exeter on Tuesday, appearing as counsel for the Boston and Maine railroad in the New England Breeders' Club case.

Capt. Grebelski of the Dartmouth basketball team, well known in this city, is suffering from a severe case of tonsillitis and is undergoing treatment at the Mary Hitchcock Hospital, Hanover.

OFF THE SCHEDULE

The local street railway was away off its schedule, especially on the Rye line, yesterday afternoon and evening, owing to the drifting of the snow.

FREEING OF BRIDGE

A Question To Be Considered At
Newfields Town Meeting

Newfields citizens at their annual town meeting this year will again be called upon to consider the affairs of the Stratham-Newfields toll bridge.

The Rockingham county legislative delegation recently voted to free the bridge if the two towns would agree to assume half of the debt. The decision of Newfields will be given at the town meeting.

Owing to the destruction by fire of the town house, the meeting will be held in the grocery store of John Torrey. Two articles in the warrant provide for the erection of a town house and school building.

STATE TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS

Examinations for state teachers' certificates will be held on March 29 and 30. Eligibility to district superintendencies is conditioned upon these examinations. No person will be admitted to examinations who does not file application on or before March 22. Forms of application and general information may be obtained from the superintendent of public instruction. The examinations will be set at Concord and at other points in the state, provided the number of candidates will warrant.

GIFT FOR BISHOP GUERTIN

Nashua is to present a large sum of money to Rt. Rev. George Albert Guertin, the new Bishop of Manchester. Contributions are being made and the purse will be given to Bishop Guertin soon after Easter Sunday. The Bishop is a native of Nashua.

K. G. E. ANNIVERSARY

Oak Castle, No. 4, K. G. E., will observe its fifteenth anniversary Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, at K. G. E. Hall. Turkey supper and entertainment. Meeting at 7.30. Every member is requested to attend. Per Order Committee.

FELL DOWN STAIRS

Mrs. George P. Knight is confined to her home, suffering from the effect of a fall down a flight of stairs at her residence.

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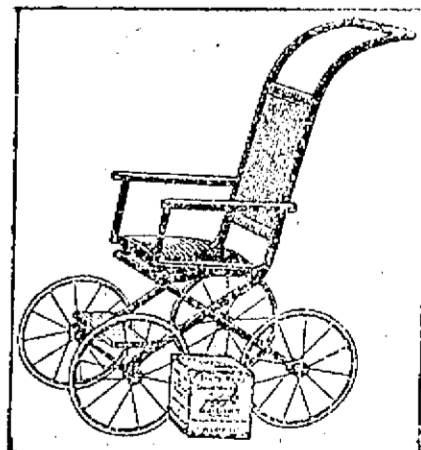
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